

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

JOHN BROWN.

We give in our present number a likeness of the arch-conspirator, which admirably portrays that stern and deluded man. As we published in No. 205 a short biography of him, we shall content ourselves now with saying that his second wife is living at Port Elba, with three of their children, of which two are daughters. She is described as a very respectable woman, and deeply feels the dangerous position of her misguided husband. She passed through this city on her way to Charlestown, to visit him, one day last week.

It would seem from the statement of the *Herald of Freedom*, a Kansas paper, that Brown was famous during his short career there for his passion for fighting, and that he was more fitted for the days of Hotspur and Douglas than for the nineteenth century. The editor of that paper accuses him of many terrible crimes, the chief of which is the murder of eight unoffending citizens, who were roused from their beds, in May, 1856, and deliberately murdered within gunshot of their dwellings.

Redpath, one of the Kansas agitators, denies the statement that Brown was concerned in this outrage, and while admitting the fact of the massacre, attributes it to other parties. There can, however, be no question that the conduct of Ossawatimie Brown was of the most violent character, and on a par with that of the Border Ruffians.

The Southern press also denies most energetically that the wrongs sustained by Brown were the cause of his bitter hostility to the slaveholders. It was, from first to last, his fanatical hatred of the institution. This feeling was confirmed by the openly avowed doctrines of great orators like Beecher and Cheever, and the passive approbation of such distinguished men as Greeley, Seward and their clique.

There is one peculiarity in John Brown which belongs more to the gloomy Covenanter than the American farmer—thus he brought up his sons, if we may judge from the diary kept by one of those unhappy young men, in a state of patriarchal reverence of him, as the head of the family. He also rebukes one for swearing, and urges another to pray.

In fact, John Brown, a traitor to the American Union, would have been a patriot by the side of Oliver Cromwell. He was miserably unfitted to the age in which he lived, and will pay the penalty for his untameable and headstrong nature.

We conclude with some anecdotes exemplifying his indomitable will, which, as they are taken from the *Tribune*, we presume may be received as authentic.

A committee of five called on him on one occasion, and informed him that he must leave the Territory in three days, or die—that they would come to his house with a sufficient force at the end of that time, and if they found him still there they would hang him. The

old man thanked them for the notice saying, very coolly, "You will not find me here then, gentlemen." Before the next sun rose the five members of that committee were in the other world. Whether Brown killed them or not is unknown, but it is certain, had they lived, that they would have killed him, and no man knew that better than he. On one occasion the well-known Henry Clay Pate started out from Westport, Missouri, with a party of thirty-three men, full of boasts and promises to catch "Old Brown" and take him a

prisoner to Missouri, his only fear being that he would not be able to find him. Brown was very easily found, however, for with sixteen men he went out to meet Pate, and after a short fight with a few men killed and wounded, at Black-Jack, near the Santa Fé road, Pate and his party surrendered to "Old Brown," with the exception of a Wyandot Indian by the name of Long, and the notorious Coleman who had murdered Dow. These two men, being well mounted, made their escape.

Upon another occasion, a body of some two hundred and twenty men were raised and equipped in Jackson County, Mo., and started into Kansas under the command of General Whitfield, to attack and capture "Old Brown," as every one called him. Brown, who was always vigilant and wary, and was possessed of secret means of intelligence, had made full preparation to meet the Missourians, and was encamped with one hundred and sixty men at a chosen point near the Santa Fé road, which he knew his enemies would pass. He had fifty men with Sharpe's rifles, which would kill at half a mile, and which could be loaded at the breech and fired with great rapidity, whom he had had concealed in a ravine, lying on the ground, and commanding the prairie for a mile before them. The residue of the party he had concealed in the timber, ready at the proper moment for an attack on the flank of those who might reach the ravine alive. Colonel Sumner, with a squad of dragoons, came down from Fort Leavenworth and prevented the fight, disbanding both parties, after which the Colonel was heard to remark that his interposition was a fortunate event for the Missourians, as the arrangements and preparation made by Brown would have insured their destruction.

With respect to the ultimate fate of this man, there can be no question that his sentence will be carried out to the letter. The *Washington States* says:

"We understand that Honorable Fernando Wood, of New York, has written to Governor Wise, of Virginia, to know if the Governor intends to pardon or commute the sentence of old Brown. The Governor has replied to Mr. Ex-Mayor Wood that old Ossawatimie Brown will certainly be hung on the 2nd day of December next, when his body will be handed over to the surgeons to be taken from from the State, so that the carcass shall not pollute the soil of Virginia."

The other conspirators have been sentenced to be hanged on the 10th of December—this will dispose of all of these wretched men except Stephens, who has been handed over to the Federal authorities for trial. This is done for the purpose of subpoenaing some of the chief Abolitionists; we rather fancy, however, that there will be considerable difficulty in getting Greeley, Seward, Giddings and their compatriots on the witness stand.

As a proof of the diseased sympathy felt for this man, we notice that Governor Wise has had several letters from ladies requesting per-



JOHN BROWN, NOW UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH FOR TREASON AND MURDER, AT CHARLESTOWN, VA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ONE YEAR AGO BY MARTIN M. LAWRENCE, 381 BROADWAY, N. Y.

mission to visit him in prison, to administer consolation and support; we can hardly reconcile this with that feeling of patriotism which has invariably distinguished the American lady. Miss Childs, the poetess, and a Mrs. Spring, of New Jersey, are foremost in this crusade after notoriety. We think it would be as well for them to remember, that this venerable plotter has grown gray in violence, and that his antecedents are rather those of a horse robber and a fomenter of violence, than a philanthropist. We do not wonder at a man of Gerrit Smith's spotless character going mad at the discovery he has made too late—that he has been aiding and abetting so unprincipled and reckless a character as the infamous hero of the Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Rapture of the Heart—A Rare Case.—Mrs. Salema Schneider, of St. Louis, the wife of an engineer, the other morning awoke in her usual good health and cheerfulness. Suddenly she was seen faltering in her gait, and presently to fall on the floor in a half-reclining position. She gasped for breath once or twice and was a corpse. A post mortem examination by Dr. Charles Spang revealed a most rare lesion; it was a rent in the heart, which allowed the blood contained in that organ to accumulate in the sac which invests the heart and this also was ruptured. She had, in a physical sense of the word, died heartbroken—an expression only true physiologically, for she was greatly beloved by her husband, and they lived happily together.

A Mr. Shannon, of Boonesboro', Mo., suspected the fidelity of his wife. He determined to test the truth of her denials. He affected to start in the evening to a Masonic lodge, but concealed himself a short distance from the house. He saw G. L. Godfrey, a teacher, enter his (Shannon's) house, and by looking in at the window had indubitable evidence of his wife's dishonor. He rushed in with an axe and assailed Godfrey, who was wounded but escaped. Mrs. S. rushed out and finally found her way, with her child, to her father's house, a few miles distant.

Mr. Well, a resident of New Orleans, has just returned home from England, where he disposed of a patent for fish-hooks of his own invention for \$25,000. A profitable speculation.

An old man in Indiana recently cowed his daughter, nineteen years old, for wearing hoops. Another father in the same State turned his daughter out of doors for the same offense.

Sunday night, the 5th inst., Peter Lannagan attempted to kill his wife, at Flat Creek, Montgomery county. After knocking her down he stamped upon her, and then took down his gun for the purpose of shooting her, but was prevented by the interference of neighbors. Three years ago his father killed his wife in Canajoharie.

There is in Bourbon county, Ky., a family consisting of a man, his wife and eight children, whose average height is 6 feet 4½ inches, and average weight 214 pounds; one of the sons is the tallest in the family, and measures 6 feet 11 inches; he also weighs the most—295 pounds. A daughter, who died, was 6 feet 8 inches in height, and weighed 160 pounds. A large family that!

At Sturges, Mich., a Mr. Broyer was attacked by a gang of rowdies. Among them was the old man's two sons, and the intention was to tar and feather him because he did not live within their views of the moral code. The old gentleman fired on his assailants, killed one and wounded others; one of the wounded being one of his sons.

The Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph says there are two hundred and twenty-one vessels now absent at the Bay of St. Lawrence from that port. Three of them are on shore, with no prospect of their being got off this fall. The weather there has been very heavy, and there has been little chance for fishing.

Joseph Orton was killed a few days since, near Chicago, by a stroke of lightning, which stripped his clothing from his body.

It is said that the proprietors of the Ocean House, of Newport, at a great expense have resolved to abate a long-standing nuisance of that popular hotel. They are sinking a costly brick culvert the entire distance from the house to the water, much of the channel being cut through a solid rock, fifteen feet below the surface.

The Rev. John W. Mosley, member of the presbytery of Central Mississippi, shot and killed Dr. Wilson, at Searsville, Mo., on the 1st inst. Dr. Wilson was an old settler of that place, and had a wife and several children, one son grown, and a daughter married. He had for some time been making unlawful advances to Mosley's sister, who is the mother of six children. He wrote her a letter of eight pages, proposing an elopement and marriage, and sent it by his daughter-in-law, who handed to her son, who thereupon took Wilson's life. Mosley was immediately tried and acquitted by the civil authorities.

The Baltimore papers state that Phil, the negro of Mr. Alstadt, who was compelled by Captain Brown to assist in making the loopholes through the walls of the engine-house, was arrested and conveyed to jail, on the charge of sympathizing with the insurgents. He has since been lying ill, and died on Tuesday of pneumonia, though it is said his sickness was caused by fright.

Died of Remorse.—On the 26th ult. Co. Conner Schirmer held an inquest at the New York Hospital upon the body of Rachel Alexander, a native of Prussia, nineteen years of age, who died from the effects of injuries by being run over on the 20th ult., at the corner of Broadway and Canal street, by an omnibus driven by Christopher Healy. The occurrence was shown to have been accidental, and the jury in their verdict acquitted the driver of all blame. We have been informed that the young man who drove the omnibus in question took the death of the young woman so much to heart that he fell ill and died on Monday of last week.

Prison Etiquette.—At the recent county prison stampede in Dover, Del., Turner, who is under sentence of death for rape, was among the number who escaped. He subsequently called on the District Attorney and stated the cause of his escape, which was, that his male companions had been removed from his cell, and their place had been in part filled by a woman who had scarier ferocity. He had told the jailer that if this state of things continued he would be obliged to change his quarters. He didn't care a straw about his sentence, but he didn't think himself safe with the scarier ferocious about him.

Mr. Purple, a member of the Legislature of Nebraska, thus tells his experience in Western politics. He says:—"Secretary T. B. Canning said to me one morning, Purple, we want a member for Bart county. So I harnessed up and took nine horses with me from Iowa, and we started for the woods, and when we thought we had got far enough for Bart county, we unpacked our ballot box and held an election (in Washington county), canvassed the vote, and it was astonishing to observe how great was the unanimity at the first election ever held in Bart county. Purple had every vote. So Purple was declared elected."

Quimbo Appo Reprieved.—The Governor reprieved Quimbo Appo (who was to be hanged on the 11th) till the 24th of February next. This will allow time to have the writ of error in the case heard and decided upon by the Court of Appeals.

The forger Masterston, who is charged with defrauding numerous banks all over the country by means of forged checks, has been taken from Lawrence, Mass., to Portland, upon an Executive warrant, for trial for forgery upon a bank of that city. The real name of this man is not known, but he is of pleasing address, well dressed, and could pass muster in any society. His father, it is stated, has been to Lawrence, to see him, but declined giving his name, or stating his residence—merely saying that he resided in New York State. He was ready to bail him to a limited amount.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Hungarian brings intelligence up to the 24 inst. The news is thus telegraphed: we ought to premise that the rumor of Louis Napoleon having insisted upon the restoration of the banished Dukes seems so utterly at variance with all his conduct and professions that there must be some modification of the terms.

Napoleon had written a letter to the King of Sardinia, urging him to carry out the Villafranca agreement. In the letter he says that France demands that the Duke be recalled to Modena, that Parma be united to Piedmont, and that Tuscany, with an augmentation of her territory, be restored to the reign of the Grand Duke, and that the projected Confederation, on the basis of moderate reforms, be carried out.

France disclaims the idea of aiding Spain in her war against Morocco. Spain was expected to commence offensive operations against Morocco about the 8th of November.

The Zurich Conference had again assembled, Count Karolyti representing Austria in place of Count Colloredo, deceased, and all the treaties were expected to be signed in a few days.

It was asserted that the European Congress would take place with the adhesion of England.

The Duke of Padua had retired from the French Ministry of the Interior.

M. Barneault was his successor.

Garibaldi had arrived at Turin for an interview with the King of Sardinia.

He was enthusiastically received all along the route.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

General Scott is now at Puget Sound, and we hope by the next arrival to hear of his having settled the San Juan dispute with Great Britain.

We have dates from British Columbia to the 9th of Oct. here is nothing new from the Island of San Juan. The Americans remained in quiet possession, though actively engaged in strengthening all points of defence. The feeling in Oregon and Washington is said to be strongly in favor of sustaining General Harney.

The mails from Bogota had arrived at Panama. A decree declares the ports of Cartagena and Sabana closed until the establishment of peace, and prohibits any external trade with those ports. There appears to be a great deal of excitement in Bogota, and it is doubtful exists that the revolutionary movement in Bolivia will spread over the country. The press of Bogota denounces President Olaya, and openly advocates the revolutionary party.

The news from all South America is of the most unhappy character. From Chili we learn that the Intendente of Valparaiso was assassinated on the 18th September, the anniversary of Chilean Independence. It appears that during the celebration of a high mass in the principal church, at which the General and an immense concourse of citizens were present, some of the populace attempted to possess themselves of the arms of the National Guard, who had been drawn out in the square in front of the church. A riot ensued, shots were fired, and the General left the church for the purpose of restoring order; but scarcely, says the *Mercurio*, "did he descend the steps in front of the church than he fell mortally wounded by one of the insurgent's balls."

In Peru similar enormities had been committed. An extract from a letter dated Callao, October 18th says: "Last night a revolution was anticipated here, all the stores were shut up at ten o'clock, soldiers parading through the streets, but it all ended in smoke—perhaps a further movement may be expected, but it must be well covered to last. The troops that were in Lima came down in two special trains. The Chilean Minister was murdered in Chorrillos last night, it is supposed with the object of plunder."

The Argentine Confederation was in a similar unsettled state. Our Minister, Yanes, had failed in his endeavors to make peace between the Cabinets of Buenos Ayres and Parana. The negotiations having ceased, the belligerent parties turn all their attention to the war. Buenos Ayres re-enforces her army and navy; Urquiza marches to place himself at the head of the forces that occupy the frontier of Santa Fe.

Personal.

SENATOR SUMNER, we are happy to record, has quite recovered his health, and is daily expected to arrive in this city.

GERRIT SMITH has become insane. He is now in the Lunatic Asylum at Utica.

MISS ADRIAN GOGGINS, the actress, sailed for Liverpool last Wednesday.

MR. DAVIDER, the comedian, is engaged to appear in Cincinnati on the first of the year.

MR. JOHN R. THOMPSON, the brilliant editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, delivered a lecture at Clinton Hall, in this city, last Thursday. Subject, "Fools and their Uses."

THE London correspondent of the *Boston Post*, under date of October 21, says, "The Great Eastern is flummoxed!" We wonder what it costs the *Post* annually to keep a writer of such elegant diction at work for it in the English capital.

OMNIBUSES, the first seen in Syria, have begun running at Beyrout. Crowds of natives stand gazing at them for hours with wonder and admiration.

WE are surprised to find the *Tribune* offering a white man for sale. We had become accustomed to the advertisements of slave auctions, which so frequently appear in that journal, but we had never looked for this:

FOR SALE, to close a concern, the assets of a firm unfortunate, and going out of business. It consists of RUSS FURNACE (to be taken as he runs), a lot of Electroplating Tracts (if libelous, to be circulated at the risk of the buyer), a few baskets of empty Champagne Bottles, and a reputation for candor and honesty slightly worse for wear. Inquire of WAITTS SHERMAN, banker, William street, near Wall, or at the bar of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The above appeared in the editorial columns of the *Tribune*, in the issue of the 10th inst.

ARTHUR WARD, the author of those broadly comic articles which have circulated through the press for a year or two past, turns out to be Mr. Charles F. Brown, the local editor of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*. He is the ugliest man in the country, and has been lately given the "jackknife" to carry.

The late Mr. Choate was sensitive when allusions were made to his handwriting. Some one went into his office and found him reading the *Poor*, which he laid down with the remark that he wished people would not concern themselves about his handwriting. The writer looked at the paper and found a paragraph stating the prevalence of a rumor that Mr. Choate was about to quit his profession and establish himself in Canton, having been offered a large salary by a merchant who designed to employ him in lettering tea chests.

MR. GLANVILLE in a recent speech quoted Dr. Johnson's aphorism, to the effect that who ever induces a man to live more in the future and less in the present exalts him in the realm of creation, and said: "If that be so (and I am inclined to believe it is so) the position of the railway shareholder must be an exalted one."

THE Rev. W. R. Alger, of Boston, preached a sermon last Sunday on "Mean Men," taking for his text Isaiah li, 9, "The mean man boweth down." He divided mean men into three classes:

"1. Aristocrats, who inherited wealth and position acquired by the industry of their ancestors, and who wished to appropriate all their resources to pampering themselves.

"2. Beggars, who get a subsistence by wearying with their importunities, too mean to earn it themselves.

"3. Knaves, consisting of fast-livers, gamblers, barkeepers, &c."

The *Richmond Enquirer* is somewhat severe upon the geography of the New York Times. It says, in choice Virginia phrase:

"The stupid booby who drives the quill for the New York Herald's 'quadrilateral' contemporary, the *Times*, is in ignorance not only of the laws of Virginia, but even of her geography. It says: 'The Richmond Enquirer shouts to us from the fair vale of the Shenandoah, and the rocky gorges of the Virginian Alleghenies.' One of the *Times* knows that Richmond is upon the banks of the James, and nowhere near the Shenandoah or the Alleghenies? Will not some humane reader of the *Times* forthwith send that Journal a map of Virginia?"

In the first week of October, in Paris, the Carle Lepelletier—the literary and artistic club par excellence—was dissolved. For the last few years it has been so often subjected to the annoying visitations of the police, that the number of its foreign members had gradually diminished to less than a dozen. At the last ceremony of this kind, the officer in command was so indignant at the part he was called upon to play, that when the disagreeable duty of searching and reporting was over he laid down his card upon the table, and declared himself ready to give satisfaction to any gentleman present who felt himself aggrieved.

PROF. A. BAILLOT, a professor of the anti-lock system in the teaching of languages, gave a lecture last Thursday on his favorite topic at Metropolitan Hall, Jersey City.

On Tuesday and Friday of this week, and Tuesday of next, Doctors Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell will give a lecture at Clinton Hall, in this city, in aid of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. The subject of the first lecture will be "The Utility of Physiological Knowledge to Women;" of the second, "The Utility of Medical Knowledge to Women;" of the third, "The Education of Women Physicians." The hour of the lectures is three P. M. These lectures are given in aid of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, corner of Bleecker and Crosby streets—a practical Hospital School for Female Medical Students, which has proved its utility as well for benevolent as for educational purposes, by giving aid to over seven thousand destitute patients during the two years that it has been open to the public.

FLORENCE DE LACY;

OR,

QUICKSANDS AND WHIRLPOOLS.

A TALE OF YOUTH'S TEMPTATIONS.

By Percy B. St. John,

Author of "Quadroons," "Photographs of the Heart," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It would be very difficult to say which sentiment predominated most in the mind of honest Jack Jinks—surprise or sorrow—when he received notice to look out for another service.

The poor fellow could have cried.

Ever since he had left the service of Sir Roland de Lacy he had fixed his affections on the favored suitor of Florence de Lacy with the fidelity of a dog. He was the more predisposed to this attachment, that, having cast his gentler affections upon a supposed unworthy quarter, he felt irresistibly impelled to love somebody.

He took his hat in his hand, when Frank Wilton coolly informed him of his dismissal, and went out into the streets, his hands in his breeches' pockets, his mouth pursed up into a most lachrymose whistle.

Being near the Boulevards, and the morning being fine, Jack Jinks resolved to indulge in his misanthropic tendencies upon that celebrated thoroughfare, where more of vanity, folly, vice and impertinence may be found than upon the pavement of all the other capitals in Europe put together.

Jack walked up and down for some time, however, too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice anything that was passing, until at length he felt a sensation of thirst.

Jack sat down in front of a café, and ordered a choppe of beer.

"I knowed I should take to drinking," said honest Jinks.

Heaven forgive thee, Jack, for the libel on French beer, a gallon of which would not intoxicate a child.

But it enabled Jack to be desperate on cheap terms, to fancy himself giving way to the insidious power which draws more beings from the pedestal of manhood than any other temptation in the universe.

"I'll turn vagabond," said John, and he ordered another choppe.

He was in the act of paying for his second instalment of decoction of quassia and mild tobacco stalks, when he sat transfixed with astonishment.

Tripping along the Boulevards, elegantly dressed, with parasol and fashionable mantle, her left hand holding up her dress, and showing a smart Parisienne boot, and ankles not at all Parisienne, fresh, rosy, happy-looking, was Mary Hakewell.

Jack leaped to his feet. His first impulse was to rush forward and greet her.

But no.

Why was she in Paris?

The thought flashed through his mind with the rapidity of lightning that she had followed in the train of Stephen de Lacy.

The blood rushed from his heart and back again with a violence which made him dizzy, and then he followed cautiously in the track of the supposed faithless one.

He registered a mental vow, and had Stephen de Lacy have known of it he would certainly have not been so happy and complacent over the *bleu-bleu* breakfast he was enjoying with Mrs. Lechmere.

The events we are recording happened on the morning after the incidents alluded to in our previous chapter.

We are neglecting our hero, who is not just now in very high favor with us, for his more humble follower.

Utterly unconscious, we have every reason to believe, of being followed, Mary Hakewell continued on her way. She was evidently in no hurry, for every now and then she would stop to look in at shop windows, when, according to the polite and chivalric habit of the *grande nation*, one or more puppies would stand beside her, peer impudently into her face, attempt to speak, and retire with a half-mocking bow, when the indignant islander marched off with unmistakable black looks.

And these puppies were of all grades and ages, from the black-faced common soldier to the youth in lavender kid, or the old *roué* in spectacles.

Satirists talk of the impertinence of London "gents"—be it understood a "gent" is not a gentleman—but they are decent and respectable to the chartered nuisances who infest the gardens and streets of Paris.

Jack Jinks watched them with a rage and fury he could scarcely repress, but he did not like to interfere.

What was Mary Hakewell to him?

At length, a fellow about forty, a little ugly monster, with spectacles and the small-pox, after grinning at the handsome English girl like an ape for some minutes, ventured to touch her arm.

Mary turned indignantly round, but when she saw the hideous little monster grinning and bowing she fairly burst out laughing, and hastily continued on her way.

The Frenchman was about to follow when he was pitched head foremost into a shop window, where he lay bellowing for assistance, amid a perfect avalanche of scents, pomades, brushes, pins and broken glass.

Jack had given him a specimen of his wrestling powers, and quietly moved on, keeping the unconscious Mary carefully in sight.

Probably terrified by the impertinence of the little Frenchman, she made no further halt, but reaching the Rue de la Paix, turned into that celebrated street.

John Jinks breathed a little more freely.

Mary now neither turned to the right nor the left until she reached the Hotel Mirabeau.

Jack Jinks began to whistle, and, with his hands in his pockets, followed her slowly up-stairs, keeping still at a respectful distance.

On the second floor he deliberately rang a bell and then entered.

Florence de Lacy came out to meet him in the ante-room.

"Good morning, miss."

"Good morning, John," replied Florence, kindly but sadly; "we cannot see you just now, as we have company, but if you will go into that room," pointing to a side door, "you can wait and get some breakfast."

"Thankee, miss," said Jack, with a sweep back of his left leg and a low bow.

Jack entered the *salle à manger*, which he found empty, but there was a kind of lunch of cold meat laid out. There was wine too, and a coffee-cup, but no coffee-pot.

A door opened, and with a shrill cry Mary stood before him, with the coffee pot in her hand, utterly unable to advance.

"John!"

"Mary!"

"What are you doing here?" she timidly continued.

"Miss Florence told me to wait here, and to get summit to eat," said John.

"Oh!"

And they sat down on the opposite sides of the table without another word. Mary was confused and nervous. She poured out some coffee, and handed it to John without sugar or milk; poured all the milk and half the basin of sugar into her own cup, and sat, turning her spoon round, without tasting the contents.

John affected the most complete coolness and self-possession. He cut his meat very thin, and placed it on his plate with great deliberation, was extremely particular in mixing the right quantity of water with his wine, and then proceeded to eat with apparently the most excellent appetite.

Every mouthful he ate nearly choked him.

Suddenly, without any warning, Mary not only burst into tears, but sobbed as if her very heart would break.

Jack Jinks could not resist this. He rose and went round the table.

"What is the matter, Mary? Can I do anything for you?"

"No-no-no-nothing," said Mary; "it's only hysterics."

And away she went again, sobbing dreadfully.

"What is the matter?"

"How—can—you ask me, when you are so unkind, John?"

"Ain't I had no reason, Mary?" said John, very much inclined to catch her to his heart and kiss away her tears.

"No, John, no cause at all, except your own wicked, jealous temper."

"How about Stephen de Lacy?" said John, gravely.

"John, you will never betray my father?" she asked, with a look from her deep blue eyes which went to his very heart.

"Never."

"Then sit down, and I will tell you everything," said Mary; "you need not sit quite so close."

John made no reply to this observation, but drew his chair close beside her, and placed his arm on the back.

There was something of the judge about him still, but rather of the relenting than the unrelenting sort.

"You know, John, since mother died, how father has took to drinking."

John nodded.

"But you never did know, and never would have known, but for your own wicked suspicions, that father has for some time been going from bad to worse. He had a heavy score at the beer shop. Now, you know what a bad man Beadon is. John, he is a butcher as well as a beer shop keeper, and when my father could pay no longer, he came to him."

"The scoundrel!" muttered John.

"Yes, John, he came to him, and breathed into his ear the horrid thought, that if he were now and then to kill a sheep belonging to Sir Roland, he, of all men, would never be suspected."

"Villain!"

"My father resisted for some time, until at length Beadon threatened to summon him. Then he yielded. He killed two sheep and conveyed them in the night to the butcher's house; but the skins were concealed in our cellar. It was thus the crime came to my knowledge."

"Poor Mary!"

"How Stephen de Lacy discovered the secret is a thing I never could imagine, but he did. He used to come to our house in a friendly way when he was out shooting, and take his lunch, and chat with father; he used to pay great attention to me, and offer me presents, which I refused until one day."

"Go on," said John Jinks, speaking between his set teeth.

"He wanted to kiss me!"

"Do you wish me to hang your father?" was his answer, between his set teeth, as I repulsed him.

"What mean you, sir?" I cried.

"I mean," he said with a smile, "that when a man's life is forfeited to his country, his daughter might be less prudish with advantage to herself and him."

"Again I ask you, sir, what does this mean?" I cried once more.

"Go, examine the cellar," he said, showing me the key of a heavy padlock, which I had noticed had been placed upon it for some days past.

"I fainted!"

"Poor girl!" said John Jinks, whose arm was now round her waist.

"From that hour I was his slave. He did not," said Mary, blushing crimson, "take much advantage of his power, as he said he always knew where to find me; but I was compelled to listen to his jokes, to suffer his kisses, and other familiarities, which nearly broke my heart; but who would have exposed their own father to utter ruin?"

"I owe that villain a debt, and I'm bound to pay it," said John, who was very pale; "but I must first ask your forgiveness, Mary."

She turned round and looked at him with a smile; he caught her to his heart and kissed her wildly.

"There, that will do," said Mary, half crying, half laughing.

"I wish to kiss him kisses of that villain away," said John.

"I think you've pretty well done it," said Mary, laughing. "But there's missus's bell. I must go."

"Are you there, Mary," said the gentle voice of Florence.

"Yes, miss."

"We are going out, and shall not be back for some hours. If you like you can go out as well. Take care of John."

"Yes, miss."

"I hope all is explained," said Florence, entering the *salle à manger*.

"Quite," replied John, pulling hard at his forelock, "to my entire satisfaction."

"I am glad of it, John. Mary has suffered much, but she has been a good friend to me, and I shall never forget her."

"Thankee kindly, miss; and I'm one myself never forgets kindness. Moresomever, I never forgets rascality. Master Stephen de Lacy had better look out!"

"He is an evil man," said Florence, gravely, "and has much harm to answer for, but you must forgive him, John, as I have done."

"Can't do it, miss."

"John!"

"No, miss; can't do it. I could forgive anything but his impudence to Mary."

"I hope you will be in better mood, John; but now I must go. The Louvre is open, Mary; it is worth your seeing."

"Shall we go, John?" said Mary. "No, I won't have it. Look at my cap; positively I couldn't speak to Miss Florence. Well, that must be the last."

Now, what the "last" was, and the allusion to the cap in connection with Miss Florence, we cannot explain for the life of us. There was probably some cabalistic reference in the words to be understood by lovers, for John laughed and Mary ran away to dress.

It was a sight to see the reunited lovers issue from the Hotel Mirabeau arm-in-arm, Mary as smart as Florence's kindness could make her, and John triumphantly happy.

He told her how he had seen her on the Bull-e-wards, as he pronounced it, and how she had been annoyed by a parcel of riff-raff, at which she blushed; and how he had knocked the last invader of his peace of mind into the window of a *coiffeur* by a dexterous jerk of his leg, at which she laughed heartily; and then by degrees they came to speak, as was natural, of their master and mistress.

"Poor Miss Florence, she doesn't look happy," said John.

"She is not happy, replied Mary, gravely; "it's my opinion Mr. Wilton has behaved like a villain."

"No," said John Jinks, gravely, "he is not a villain—no—but, hang it!—yes—much like a fool."

"I don't care a fig what he has acted like, but he's been and made Miss Florence very unhappy; she, the sweetest, dearest angel alive!"

"She is all that," said John; "but, you must know, my master ain't so much in fault as you think; he's been circumvented by these here Steve and Miss Adelaide."

"She here!" cried Mary.

"Yes, worse luck; but if I can understand the gunner's game I'm a Dutchman."

"What gunner?"

"Why, your gunner, my gunner, everybody's gunner; but never mind, orders from headquarters must be obeyed. Well, you see, them two's been and done it. They threw this girl in his way."

"Girl!" said Mary, with all the animation of her sex upon this delicate point; "so there's a girl in the case, is there? If I was Miss Florence I'd tear his eyes out!"

"Hang it if I ain't been and put my foot in it," said John; "so you knowed nothing of the girl?"

"Not a word. Tell us all about it, there's a good John."

"Not a word. If as how it had been right for you to know it Miss Florence would have told you. Let us talk of zummuts else."

Mary made no reply, but he could see by her point that she was offended. But John upheld the dignity of his sex against the curiosity of woman, and made no immediate effort at conciliation.

"John," said Mary, gently, after quite ten minutes' pause.

"Yes, Mary."

"I am very wrong, and you are quite right; so let no more be said about it."

"There's a dear, darling girl for you—what I call a regular trump! But here's the Louvre. Eh, why, it's quite a large party! Do you see, Mary, there's Miss Florence, and Sir Peter and Lady Paulet, and young twopenny-halfpenny, and Doctor Pomeroy and Mrs. Pomeroy, and my stars and garters—I beg your pardon, Mary, dear—if Miss Florence ain't a walking with the Marquis de Longchamps!"

"Law, John, why that's Mr. Thomas Burke, an Irish gentleman, who was introduced to us last night," cried Mary.

"Then I'm blowed if he ain't two gemmen in one, Marquis of Longchamps and Mr. Burke, too," cried John, who could not take his eyes off the gentleman upon whose arm Florence leaned, to the great disgust of Peter Paulet, junior.

The fact is, that by a very slight amount of manoeuvring the marquis had succeeded in being introduced to Sir Peter Paulet, baronet, as Mr. Thomas Burke, of Dublin, a great landed proprietor, deeply interested in the progress of railways in Ireland.

The gentleman was very plausible, extremely voluble, his manners were unexceptionable, and his appearance elegant.

Sir Peter and Dr. Pomeroy, with the ladies, were going to spend the evening with Mr. Wilton and Florence. He contrived to be asked to join the party.

Mr. Wilton, Sir Peter, the doctor and Lady Paulet sat down to whist.

Mrs. Pomeroy looked on.

Poor Florence was left to amuse the juvenile heir to the baronetcy and the Irish gentleman.

The latter proved well-informed, agreeable, full of conversational powers, which completely extinguished poor Peter, junior, who,

after five minutes' vain attempts at thrusting in his silly platitudes, took refuge in silence and sulks.

It was a picture to see the polished and caustic Irishman put down his futile attempts to engage the heiress's attention. He absolutely ignored the boy's existence at last, and compelled him to take refuge in a *de-là-dé* with good Mrs. Pomeroy.

Burke had it now all his own way, and he flattered himself he had made an impression. But though Florence listened with well-bred attention to his interesting sketches of what was to be seen in Paris, to his criticisms of the opera, and last newest picture, replying in well-placed and intelligent monosyllables, her thoughts were far away; yes, in the silent walks of the abbey of Ashhurst House, and there she was not alone.

She, however, agreed to join the others the next day in an expedition to the Louvre.

Mr. Wilton pleaded business letters of importance, and an interview with his solicitor.

Thus it was that Mary and John met the party at the Louvre.

Before, however, we record the extraordinary and almost fatal incidents which there occurred, we must return to our erring hero and his beautiful Cleopatra, for whom, if he was not risking empire, he was perilling what was far more valuable—happiness.

(To be continued.)

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

Diagrams of Remarkable Shots, Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest concerning the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The writers of the numerous communications addressed to Mr. Phelan on billiard matters would do well to indicate whether they wish to receive answers to their interrogatories in "Our Billiard Column" or by letter. When they desire answers in the latter shape, they would do well to enclose a postage stamp.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cooperstown, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1889.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you oblige the undersigned by answering the following questions: What is the per centage in a game of billiards in the discount? Is it greater than 50 points? You will greatly oblige the readers of your column in this neighborhood by answering the above. Yours, &c., AMATEUR.

ANSWER.—We have already given to this question more than one answer in this column. However, we cannot refuse our friend's in Cooperstown another reply. It is impossible to say exactly what the difference between discount and 50 points really is, so much depends on the relative proficiency of players and other adventitious circumstances. It is generally considered not to be more than thirty-five.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

INDOOR AMUSEMENTS.—The approach of winter naturally turns the minds of heads of families to the provision of home amusement for those under their charge. Billiards seems to be the hope of the majority of our well-to-do and cultivated fellow citizens for indoor pleasure during the long evenings, when piercing cold or heavy falling snow make even a ride to the opera an unwellcome undertaking to the fireside charmed family. The consequence is an increase in the number of order for billiard tables to be put up in private mansions. There is no more agreeable or more healthy way of passing a winter's evening than in a home game of billiards. The proportion of maces to cues also show that the number of lady votaries of the game is daily increasing. Playing billiards will soon be as indispensable an element in the education of a cultivated lady as playing the harp or piano.

BILLIARDS IN ALBANY.—A new and elegantly fitted billiard-room has been recently opened in the Federal Capital by Messrs. Fitzgerald & McGuire. It is located at 664 Broadway, and is named the "Phelan Billiard Room." The room, which contains four of Phelan's tables, is fifty-five feet long by thirty-five wide, and enjoys the advantage of a lofty ceiling over eighteen feet high. The room is furnished to match the tables. The enterprise of Messrs. Fitzgerald & McGuire will, we are sure, be properly appreciated by the billiard-loving world of Albany.

BILLIARD MATCH AT CHICAGO.—A large and very respectable audience gathered together at Metropolitan Hall, on Saturday evening, Nov. 5, to witness the billiard match between Albert Le Brun and Washington Campbell, two well-known players of Chicago. The game was 1,000 points, round the table, once off the spot, for \$250 a-side, and was played upon one of Phelan's combination cushion tables, from the Cosmos Billiard Rooms of Michael Geary, on Randolph street. Two and one-half inch balls were used by the players.

Michael Geary and Mr. A. Jones were appointed judges, Abner Fell referee, and James Carroll marker. About eight o'clock the players entered, both in excellent spirits, and both confident of victory.

Le Brun led off, missing. Campbell then run 47, and left the balls in, compelling Le Brun to bank. By very cautious playing on the part of Campbell, Le Brun being obliged to bank seven or eight times, returned the first hundred 86 a-side. Le Brun began to wake up to the necessity of closing up the gap, and accordingly turned the second hundred 7 ahead of Campbell, having made a very pretty run of 55 and 64.

The third hundred was closely played, and if Campbell had not fouled by touching his opponent's ball, might have been in his favor; as it was, Le Brun gained 55, and turned 32 ahead. Campbell recovered the gap by four runs of 34, 40, 21 and 19, and turned the fourth hundred 50 ahead.

The fourth hundred was very close and hotly contested, both players growing cautious. Le Brun rounded the fifth hundred 15 ahead. From this point to the close of the game, Le Brun seemed to concentrate his abilities upon the work before him, and made several elegant shots. One 5 cushion shot was unsurpassed in beauty and execution by any during the Phelan and Beersaler match. Campbell seemed to us to lose confidence as the gap grew wider and wider. Le Brun turned the sixth hundred 23 ahead; the seventh, 68; the eighth, 55; the ninth, 156; the thousand, 234. Game was declared amid great enthusiasm and applause for the winner.

Le Brun made the following large runs during the game: 42, 47, 53, 54 and 56; Campbell, 34, 47 and 49.

Le Brun was born in Columbus, Ohio, and is only twenty years of age. This is, we believe, his first public match, although he has played with Foley, of Detroit. He is one of the most graceful players we have ever seen, and for elegant delivery his shots are worthy to stand side by side with Phelan. He is very cool and collected, and never, during the game, lost his self-possession, the last shot being delivered as elegantly as any during the game.

Campbell is thirty-one years of age, and was born in Brownville, New York. He is well known to billiard players all over the Union, and has played with Tipton, Geerter and all the notabilities. He is not a graceful player, but, at the same time, plays an excellent game, and, were he in his best condition, would be a hard opponent to beat. He has a very long reach, so that he seldom uses a bridge. He touches his balls very firmly and accurately, and occasionally accomplishes almost impossible shots.

A Druggist Chloroforming his Wife.—John H. Wilson, a physician and druggist at No. 229 Ninth avenue, was last week arrested on charge of an attempt to murder his wife by chloroform. On Monday night, the 7th, Mrs. Wilson retired at ten o'clock, and left her husband in the room. About midnight Wilson called for assistance, when a man named Clark Stoner, who was a visitor from the country, and who occupied an apartment that night on the next floor above, and a relative of Mrs. Wilson, were aroused, and went to the door of the room occupied by Wilson and his wife, but when they reached there Wilson tried to put them off again, saying that he thought he needed their assistance, but was able to get along without them. They were not satisfied with the explanation, however, and insisted on entering the room, when they found Mrs. Wilson lying in bed in a thoroughly stupefied condition, barely respiring while a handkerchief was over her mouth saturated with a strongly odorous liquid, and the atmosphere of the room quite overpowering. On close examination Mrs. Wilson appeared in an almost lifeless condition. What the motive was in the handkerchief they did not know, but from the powerful sense of suffocation it had over themselves they strongly suspected it was chloroform. One of the men went at once for Dr. Parker, who soon reached the house, and applied proper restoratives to the apparently dying woman, and pronounced chloroform to have been the agent that had such a pernicious effect. Mrs. Wilson did not become sufficiently conscious to recognize any one about her until two hours and a half after she was first discovered in the dangerous situation described. He has been committed in default of \$10,000 bail.

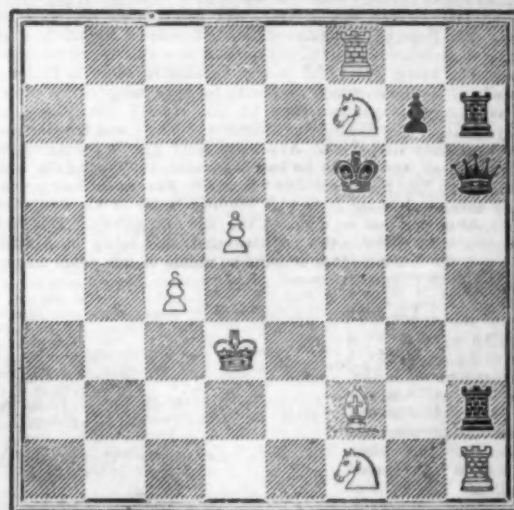
Archbishop Hughes Blessing the Bells.—A few evenings since Archbishop Hughes performed the interesting ceremony of blessing two bells at the Church of St. Francis Seraph, in Third-street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. The edifice, which is dedicated to the service of the Catholic German population in that part of the city, was completely filled on the occasion. The bells, which were placed on stands outside the altar railing, were tastefully ornamented with artificial flowers. They weigh respectively 787 pounds and 409 pounds, and were cast in the foundry of Menzies, West Troy, N. Y., at a cost of \$480. At four o'clock the Archbishop entered the church, preceded by a procession of boys and girls, headed by the Rev. Father Rod uph, and bearing banners, the girls dressed in white and wearing wreaths, the organ playing the "Ven. Creator." Having assumed his pontificals, the Archbishop commenced the impressive ceremony. After a prayer, partly sung and partly read, he assisted by the Rev. Mr. McNery (his Grace's secretary), washed the bells with holy water. Some additional prayers having been repeated, the Archbishop anointed the bells with the "Oil of Infirmitas" and "Holy Chrism," while closing which he solemnly blessed and consecrated them, and dedicated them to Saints Francis and Anthony. The episcopal benediction closed the ceremony.

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

PROBLEM No 218.—J. B. C.'s Masked Battery. White to move and mate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The following two games were played at the Cigar Divan, Strand, between Messrs. BARNES and HARRIS.

GAME I.

WHITE. Mr. B.	BLACK. Mr. H.	WHITE. Mr. B.	BLACK. Mr. H.
1 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	21 K to Kt 7 (a)	Kt to Q 5
2 P to Q 4	P to K 4	22 K to K 4	Kt to Kt 4
3 P to Q 4	P to K 4	23 R to R 4	Kt to Q 5 (ch)
4 P to K 5	P to Q 5	24 K to P 3	R to P 3 (ch)
5 P to Q 4 (a)	Q to P 3	25 K to K 5	Kt to R 4
6 P to Q 4	Q to P 3	26 P to Q 6	Kt to P 3 (a)
7 P to P 3	P to K 5	27 R to Kt 4	P to Kt 4
8 P to Q 5	Q to K 2 (b)	28 Kt to B 4	P to Kt 5
9 P to K 3 (c)	Kt to K 3	29 Kt to Q 3 (p)	R to R 7
10 P to P 3	P to P 3 (d)	30 Kt to P 3	R to P 7
11 Q to K 2	B to B 4	31 K to B 7	R to Kt 7
12 P to Kt 3	Kt to K 3	32 R to Q 3	P to Kt 4
13 B to K 3 (e)	Q to Q 2	33 Kt to Q 5	K to B 2
14 B to B 3	Q to B 3	34 K to Q 6	P to R 4
15 Kt to Q 2	B to K 2	35 R to B 3 (ch)	K to K 2
16 B to Kt 3	B to K 2	36 Kt to B 3	R to Kt 5
17 Kt to P 3 (f)	Castles (K R)	37 K to K 6	P to Kt 5
18 Kt to P 3 (g)	Q to Kt 1	38 Kt to B 5 (ch)	K to R 2
19 Castles (g)	Q to Kt 1	39 R to Q 4	K to K 3
20 Q to Q 4	Q to Kt 1 (h)	40 Kt to R 4 (ch)	K to K 3
21 K to K 3	Kt to B 7 (ch)	41 R to Q 4 (g)	R to P 3
22 K to B 3	R to K 6 (ch)	42 Kt to B 5 (ch)	K to Kt 4
23 K to Q 4	Q to Kt 3 (i)	43 Kt to R 4	P to R 5
24 Kt to R 3	K to Q 4 (j)	44 K to K 6	P to Kt 5
25 K to K 3	P to K 3 (l)	45 R to Kt 7 (ch)	K to R 5
26 K to K 3	Kt to K 4	46 K to B 4	K to R 6
27 K to Kt 3	Kt to B 6 (ch)	47 R to R 7 (ch)	K to Kt 7
28 K to B 5	K to Q 4 (m)	48 K to P 3	K to B 7
29 K to K 6 (m)	P to Kt 3 (ch)	49 R to K 7 (ch)	Kt to Kt 2
30 K to B 6	K to B 3 (ch)	50 R to B 3, and wins.	

(a) Strong, good play. (b) Black does not play the Kt to K 4, least White should at once take it, and obtain a very strong passed Pawn.

(c) We should have much preferred 9 Kt to K 3. (d) Black would have gained nothing by checking with Q at R 5 as the Kt P would have interposed, and if then Q to Q 3, Black moves Q to K 2, with a rather better position.

(e) B to K 3 was a better move, the one made only serves to develop Black's game.

(f) White wins a P, indeed, but remains with a position which, with more careful play on Mr. Harris's part, ought to have been lost.

(g) The only resource on the board. (h) Black should have played Q to R 5 (ch), for, although the move made still leaves him advantage enough to have decided the game, if correctly followed up.

(i) This does not sufficiently maintain Black's superiority in position; better to have checked with Q at Kt 4, and next played either R to K 6, or Q to K 3, keeping to White K R and Kt cramped in.

(j) This does not seem the strongest square for the B, perhaps R to K 7 would have been better, as the moves which ensue tend to show.

(k) To prevent the advance of White's Kt, but allowing of an equally dangerous move.

(l) White's best move, we believe.

(m) This move accelerates the advance of White's Q P, and the consequent loss of the game.

(n) This is compulsory.

(o) R to Q 4 looks the simpler mode of winning.

(p) Well played; as Black is now under an impending checkmate he is compelled to sacrifice his R. Mr. Barnes, in this instance, as usual, finishes the game very adroitly.

GAME II.

WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. B.	WHITE. Mr. H.	BLACK. Mr. B.
1 P to K 4	P to Q 4	24 Q to Q 3	Q to K 2
2 Kt to K 3	Kt to Q 3	25 P to P 3	P to P 3
3 P to Q 4	P to P 3	26 Q to Kt 3	P to P 3
4 Kt to P 3	P to K 3	27 Q to Kt 3	Q to K 2
5 B to K 3	Kt to K 3	28 Kt to B 3	P to K 6
6 Kt to Q 3 (a)	B to Q 3 (b)	29 P to P 3	Kt to P 3
7 B to Q 3	P to Q 4 (b)	30 Q to K 3 (ch)	K to K 2
8 Castles (c)	B to Kt 3	31 R to Q 6	B to P 3 (f)
9 P to B 3	P to P 3	32 Kt to K 2	B to B 6
10 B to Q 4	B to Q 3	33 K to B 2	P to Kt 5
11 B to Kt 3	P to P 3	34 R to Kt 3 (k)	P to Kt 5 (ch)
12 Kt to K 2	Castles (d)	35 K to P 3	K to K 2 (j)
13 Kt to Kt 3	Kt to Q 4	36 R to Q 6	B to Q 3 (i)
14 B to B 5	P to B 4 (e)	37 R to Kt 6	B to B 6
15 B to K 3	Q to B 3	38 Kt to K 4	P to B 6
16 P to Q 4	Kt to Kt 3	39 Kt to Q 2	R to Q 3 (m)
17 Q to Q 4	P to Q 4	40 Kt to P 3	P to K 3
18 Kt to P 3	B to B 3	41 K to P 3	K to K 3
19 Kt to B 5 (f)	Q to B 2	42 R to R 4	R to Kt 7
20 Kt to K 4	P to Kt 4	43 P to B 3	R to Kt 7
21 Q to Kt 3	P to K 3	44 P to B 3	R to Q 7
22 P to K 4	P to K 4 (g)	45 K to P 3	R to B 7
23 Kt to K 2	P to B 3	46 R to P 3 (h)	K to B 3

And the game, of course, was ultimately drawn.

(a) Not so good a move as K to B 3, as the equal plainly shows.

(b) The correct play; White will now be subjected to some disadvantage on account of his sixth move.

(c) This loses a valuable Pawn at once. It is to be observed that Black could not have exchanged Kts and played P to Q 5, without, at least, losing a P; but White might now have taken Q P with P, and then taking Kt with K, and next played Q B to Q 2, escaping from the difficulty by losing some little time and having a doubled Pawn.

(d) The move of 12 Kt to Q 4 would, certainly, have enabled Black to support the P at K 5 with K B P; but this objection to that line of play, probably, was that White could have immediately moved B to Q 3, preventing Black's Castling altogether.

(e) A good style of play; Black acquires an equivalent for the exchange sacrificed.

(f) Q to R 4 appears to us sounder play, as, if Black then advances P to K 6, White may reply with Q to K 6.

(g) All this is well played on Black's part, and turns the tables on his opponent.

(h) In this dilemma White appears to have had no better line of play.

(i) The best move, undoubtedly.

(j) Decidedly White's best chance of drawing the game, although he ought still to have lost, against the most accurate play on his adversary's side.

(k) A very natural move, but, we believe

JOHANN C. FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

Was born at Marbach, a town of Wurtemberg, on the banks of the Neckar, on the 10th of November, 1759. His father was a surgeon in the Bavarian army. Young Schiller received the first rudiments of education at Lorch, whence he was sent to Ludwigsburgh, where he read Ovid, Virgil and Horace, and commenced the study of Greek. The Duke of Wurtemberg having founded a High School at Stuttgart, Schiller was admitted into it as a student of jurisprudence. This being distasteful to him, he abandoned it in 1775 for the study of Medicine, which he seems to have adopted, however, only as being less tedious. Here he also studied history, but he chiefly spent his time in studying Homer and Virgil, and the German poets, especially Klopstock. At a very early age he commenced writing himself, and before he had completed his fourteenth year he finished an epic poem, entitled "Moses." The talent, so precociously developed, shone forth with brighter lustre in his drama of "The Robbers," which he wrote at the age of nineteen. This had so wonderful an effect on the popular mind, that many have attributed to it the romantic turn of mind so visible of late years among the students of Germany.

Having taken his degree, he was appointed a physician in the army of Wurtemberg, with a small salary. In 1782 "The Robbers" was performed at Mannheim, and the intense purpose and passion of the piece produced a wide-spread sensation. The Duke of Wurtemberg, however, ordered him to confine himself to his profession, forbidding him to publish anything except on medical matters. But as well might he attempt to chain the lightning as to restrict the fire of the young dramatist's genius. Schiller attended the representation of his piece at Mannheim, which drew down on himself so severe a reprimand from the duke that he quitted the army in disgust, and went to Mannheim, where Dolberg, the director of the theatre, gladly received him. Here he applied himself zealously to work, and in the course of twelve months he produced his two tragedies, "Fiesco" and "Kabale und Liebe," which exhibited evidence of the wild enthusiasm of a wild poetic spirit.

In 1783 he was made dramatist to the theatre, and translated Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and several French dramas. He also commenced the publication of a theatrical paper called *Thalia*, in which appeared his famous play of "Don Carlos." In this also were published his "Philosophical Letters."

While residing near Leipzig, in 1785, Schiller wrote his "Ode to Joy," one of his most beautiful poems. He then removed to Dresden, where he finished "Don Carlos." In 1788, Eichhorn having retired from the chair of history at Jena, Schiller was appointed to it, on the recommendation of Goethe, whose acquaintance he had made. Here he married Fraulein Langefeld, and he seemed to be comfortably settled at last. It was here he produced and published his "Thirty Years' War," one of his best efforts in the historical line, vying in excellence with the most valuable works of this kind.

"Wallenstein" appeared in 1799, which is his greatest work, exhibiting greater knowledge, poetic power and mastery over materials than his other plays. Soon after the publication of "Wallenstein," Schiller once more changed his abode, the mountain air of Jena being prejudicial to his lungs. He went to Weimar, where his acquaintance with Goethe ripened into friendship. It was also about this time that he became acquainted with Coleridge, who translated his "Wallenstein" into English in so masterly a manner that it is scarcely inferior to the original. "Maria Stuart" and the "Maid of Orleans" were his next productions, and sustained his great reputation.

In 1803 he published "Die Brant von Messina," by way of experiment, to see how far a tragedy constructed on the principles of the Greeks could move a modern audience. Schiller's last work was the patriotic and thrilling drama of "William Tell." It was published in 1804. This is one of the finest plays that Schiller ever wrote. During the preparation and performance of "William Tell," he had taken up his residence at Berlin, whence he retired to Weimar, where he died calmly May 9, 1805, aged forty-five years.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.—A gentleman says he was once at a grand fete at the palace of Corfu, given by Sir Henry Ward. He saw a Greek putting a fowl into his pocket, and pointed him out to Lord K.—, an aide-de-camp, who followed him with a sauce tureen, and emptied it after it, telling him he had forgotten the sauce. The wretched Greek fled, dropping sauce through the corridors and down the staircase.

THE MYSTERY OF KNIGHTRIDERS; OR, THE HAUNTED MANOR. A TALE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

LORD TEMPLEMORE passed through the small door in the wall, and removing the key from it, he pressed it shut again, but without attempting to lock it on the inside. The sweet odor of a thousand flowers came upon his senses, as the pattering of the thunder shower fell upon them, and huge and dim rose the vast pile of building that formed the mansion of Knightriders before him. He did not speak now, but with a slower and more stately step than he had used before, he strode onwards.

Once, twice, thrice, he paused, for he thought—surely it was but a thought that, and imagination was playing him the trick—he thought that another footstep beside his own paced through that deserted garden.

Lord Templemore was human, despite all his boasting, and a cold feeling crept over him, beginning at his heart and spreading itself to

press it—in the huge entrance to the grand hall of Knightriders. Then he stepped out of the air into the cold, damp, dismal house, and he closed the little portal behind him.

An awful kind of hush was in the air, and it felt damp and heavy. Without moving an inch from the spot on which he first had stood, Lord Templemore procured from his pockets a lantern and some wax matches. His hands shook, but he tried to smile, as he lit the lantern, and then held it with a waving motion above his head, and strove, with fixed gaze, to pierce the dim obscurity of the vast hall. He listened, too, but the place was still as the grave.

"It must be done!" he said. "It shall be done! What says Shakespeare?"

"The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures."

Not pleasant in their subject, though. But it must be done!"

The lantern only shed about it a kind of halo of light that left beyond its influence in double darkness; and Lord Templemore paced slowly down the huge hall. Through a door, across a narrow hall; through two state-rooms, and then to the foot of a staircase still glittering with a barbaric sort of splendor from the profuse gilding about it—then, step by step, up those stairs, on which the dust lay so thickly that the distinct impression of his footstep was left on every stair—then along a stately corridor, and then a pause before a statue in a niche in the wall.

"Here!" he said.

"Here."

Another of the keys was selected. He placed the lantern on the corner of the pedestal which supported the statue, and he glided behind it where there was but just room in which one might stand. The wall was richly gilt and panelled. He ran his finger down one of the decorations, until a portion of it gave way and was easily pushed aside. There was a small key-hole behind that portion of gilt moulding, which was as readily discovered.

Again the rusty lock that had not been used for years, gave way with difficulty; but it did turn, and a tall narrow door was opened. Lord Templemore lifted the lantern, and like a ghost, so slow and stately was his step, he passed through the opening in the wall, and it slowly closed behind him and shut with a snap, and the piece of moulding fell into its place again over the key-hole.

Five minutes elapsed, and some smothered screams echoed vaguely through the thick damp air of Knightriders.

The storm has passed away—the new day has come, and the rich sunlight is upon tree, and fruit, and flower. The family of John Miller have sought and found shelter at the small farm in the occupation of the brothers Reve, and John Miller is able to reflect more calmly upon the pecuniary loss he has sustained by the total destruction of his homestead, and the produce of a year's careful tillage of Holly Tree Farm.

Walter Reve is there, and his brother Abel has just made his appearance, with looks of well acted sympathy in his face. The laborers and farm-servants of Holly Tree are gathered in a listless group about the spot.

Walter Reve is speaking. There is a flush of excitement upon the young man's face; it is that flush which arises from the impulse of generous thoughts clad in grateful language.

"I am sure," he said—and he glanced at his brother as he spoke—"I am sure that I speak but the feelings of Abel, as well as my own, when I say that this little home of ours and all it contains is at your service heartily, Mr. Miller. Remain in it until you can think of what to do."

"Thank thee, lad—thank thee! I must lay out all my savings in building up the old house and outbuildings again."

"You were not insured?" said Abel Reve, with an air of surprise.

"No, Mr. Abel, I was not. The many fires for

the last year made the insurance people raise the premium, and I was obstinate, and so were they, and so I am not insured."

"That's a pity."

"Well, it be a pity; but yet we be not altogether ruined, as you know, wife."

"Thank heaven, no!" said Mrs. Miller.

"But," said Abel Reve, and he cast a strange look upon John Miller—"but yet perhaps you would rather sell the Holly Tree Farm now to the best bidder than rebuild your homestead, farmer, on a spot associated with such painful memories?"

"No."

"No, say you?"

"No; my dear little girl was born on the land, and I frolicked when a child beneath the old chestnuts. They be untouched, and I will hold on to the dear spot."

"Ha! ha!"

"Brother," said Walter, "do not sport with feelings, that—"

Walter caught the soft and tender glance of Anna fixed upon him, and he paused.

"Who sports with tender feelings?" cried Abel Reve. "Not I. I rather flatter myself, Walter, I am as tender as most men; and if Mr. Miller will stay here and rebuild his home on Holly Tree Farm, why, he is most welcome, and I should be the most grieved man in the shire to see it again in a blaze."

"Again in a blaze!" said John Miller. "Agin? Agin? Oh



JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, THE GREAT GERMAN POET.

his brain, and to all his limbs. He strove to shake it off, but could not.

"Pho! pho!" he said, faintly. "I am weaker than I thought!—that is, physically weaker—and the long ride had shaken me! What a whim of Lady Arabella, that she would pass the winter at this old estate! What a whim!—what a whim!"

A flight of marble steps, a terrace, another flight of steps, and a long range of windows; then a descent of six circular-shaped steps, and a portico, and Lord Templemore stood in the main entrance of Knightriders.

The rain pattered down, and although he had not noticed any more lightning, he heard the hoarse-muttered sounds of thunder, apparently miles and miles away. He bent his head low to listen to something. He could not get out of his thoughts the idea of that footstep following him through the garden of that deserted mansion.

"All is still," he said. "It was but fancy, or the pattering of the large rain-drops from some portion of the roof of the mansion. What I came to do must be done! Yes, must be the word! What have I to fear now? The well is deep, and the dead are but inert substances—that—that—should affright no one!"

He shuddered as he spoke, and the cold feel came more powerfully over him.

He had several keys with him. They were on a silken cord. He must have studied them well, for, by the touch, he selected one, and opened a small portal, or door, within the door—if we may so ex-

what will become of me and mine if that should happen? What is it that has come over the old shire, that the incendiary's torch makes a desolation of homes and hearts? I am sorely puzzled to account for it. Can you, Abel Reve, give any ideas or explanations about it?"

"I?" cried Abel. "Why I?"

Anna Miller shuddered at the awful look that spread itself over the face of Abel Reve, and she instinctively drew closer to Walter, and even lightly held him by the arm.

"Anna, you are pale!"

"No, Watty, no—only—"

At this moment a phenomenon took place that attracted all eyes. Down the hill-side, on which stood the huge mansion of Knightriders, there came a horse without a rider. The stirrups were flapping wildly about the creature's sides, and it made several terrific leaps as it neared the homestead of the brothers Reve, and then as if terrified beyond all control of itself, it dashed at headlong speed past the group of persons that was there assembled.

"An accident," cried John Miller.

"What a noble steed!" shouted Abel Reve, as he placed suddenly a whistle to his lips and blew shrilly upon it. As if by magic, a couple of swarthy-looking men, whose gipsy origin could not be doubted for a moment, sprang from behind some thick hedges, and stood as if waiting directions from Abel.

"The horse! the horse!" he cried. "Track its course, and bring it in. A hunter, by heaven!"

The gipsies bounded off, and were soon lost to sight, apparently in a direction at right angles to that which the horse was taking.

CHAPTER III.—THE GIPSY CAMP—A NIGHT ADVENTURE—THE HIGHWAYMEN—A RESCUE.

"ANOTHER tankard of the old ale, landlord; let it come brimming and hissing from the tap, and speaking of good fellowship to all. Hard times, indeed, among good fellows, if a flowing jug cannot be got to drown care! You see, master, it was an old uncle of mine who took it into his head to die, and make me heir to some odd articles, that have produced at Exeter a little bag of silver. May I perish if, when I saw the flames of old Holly Tree Farm, last night, I did not grub up the coin hidden among the roots of the old alder where I had buried it, and say to myself, 'There shall not want, to-morrow, some of the old ale of the Stag's Horn to warm the hearts of those who for a long time will not sow and reap on Holly Tree Farm again.'"

These words, with an affectation of boisterous good fellowship, were shouted out by Hackets, the gipsy, who, with a wild recklessness of behavior, had, for the last half hour, at the little hostel of the Stag's Horn, about a mile from Holly Tree Farm, been filling cans for all comers who had been in any way connected with the farm that had, the previous night, fallen a prey to the flames.

It was now evening again, and the golden sunlight was sparkling on the leaves of the old trees in front of the Stag's Horn, and lighting up, with a burnished liquid lustre, every object that came within the sphere of its broad rays.

"Come," added Hackets, as the tankard of old ale he had ordered with such a flourish made its appearance, "come, drink and be merry, gentlefolks all."

"Oh, Master Hackets," said one of the laborers, "we be no gentlefolks, but very poor folks; and what be I to do now that not a barn or shed stands of old Holly Tree Farm?"

"And the harvest over!" said another.

"Drink, then," said Hackets. "Is this the old October, Master Cowan?"

"It is, Hackets," said the landlord. "Lord love you, man, don't you hear it hissing and singing in the tankard? Just put your ear this way. Why, it's got a song of its own, our old October has. Now, Master Hackets."

The landlord held out his hand for the money, while he kept his other round the ale flagon.

"No trust for gipsies!" laughed a young farm laborer, who had stretched himself indolently on a form at some little distance from the roysterers at the ale-house door.

"Who says that?" cried Hackets fiercely.

"I do."

The young man lolled indolently on his elbow, and confronted the dark menacing eyes of the gipsy with one of those clear, ruddy, Saxon countenances, and with those pleasant gray eyes, that are only to be met with in England, and are common enough among our real yeomanry.

"Oh, you do? Well, you can go on saying what you like. Ha! ha!" Hackets evidently was making a strong effort to keep down the rising passion that flashed from his eyes. "You can say what you like—I am a gipsy—I am a gipsy—but—"

"Seventence!" said the landlord.

There was a general laugh at this; and Hackets, as he hastily paid for the ale, continued, "But is not a gipsy a man? May not a gipsy have a man's heart in his bosom? Is he not fashioned and created like other men; and if he feels for what hurts them, and comes among them, and tries to raise their spirits a little after a misfortune, even if it be only with a jug of old October, I don't see that he is to be flouted at because he is a gipsy."

"Nor me, neither," said one of the farm laborers, in so strange a voice, owing to nearly the whole of his features being hidden in the ale-flagon, that everybody started at the odd sound; and when they saw what it was owing to, they indulged in a roar of laughter.

"Ah! it's all very well," said the young man, who was on the form, as he slowly rose. "It's all very well—a jug of ale, and all your troubles are gone! Poor Farmer Miller may be a ruined man, and you all who have slept under his roof, and fattened on his homestead, laugh at any nonsense that turns up at an ale-house door. Hackets, I didn't mean to offend you by what I said."

"No offence!" cried Hackets; "don't say a word about it."

There was a strange silence now over the group of rustics, as there reproachful words from the young man on the form sounded in their ears; and it was only after a few moments that one ventured to say, "But I tell thee, Tom Burn, that the old homestead will be reared again."

"How reared again?"

"Why, this ways: Farmer Miller he have such a good name in Exeter, that he will get the money to build up Holly Tree Farm again, and that this very day."

"This day?" cried Hackets. "Pass the ale!"

"Ay, that he will. Why, Hackets, there be one of yours. Do you call her the queen of your gipsy folk?"

"Who? who?"

Hackets cast an angry glance in the direction of the eyes of the man who was speaking, and he saw the female chief of his tribe in the person of Mirza Fane, as she called herself, slowly approaching the ale-house.

This remarkable-looking woman carried in her hand a small wand that looked like a piece of peeled willow, and as she neared the Stag's Horn, she crossed it twice upon her breast, and then quietly sat down on the corner of the form that had been in the occupation of the young man who had spoken so freely to Hackets and the laborers.

All eyes were directed to Mirza, and she muttered to herself, and looked at the setting sun as if she had no consciousness of the persons by whom she was surrounded.

Then Hackets spoke two words in that strange Bohemian dialect, which in their intercourse with each other the genuine gipsies affect, and Mirza, without looking up, replied by one.

"She is dreaming!" said one of the men.

"No," said Hackets; "she sees something."

"Where? where?"

"In the setting sun."

It was at this moment that Mirza, in a strange, half-screaming tone of voice, burst out into words that soon enchained the attention of every one there present.

"I see it now," she said; "I see it now! The old house once again glittering and shining with gold and glory! I see the silken hangings and the glittering gems! I hear the horses in the stables, and I hear the sound of voices of the young and the beautiful! The blue smoke once again curls up from the old chimney-tops; and there is joy and home-blessing in and about the mansion. I hear the babble of little ones, and I hear the rustle of silk and satin in my lady's chamber! I see through the seasons, from the deep winter to the golden autumn, and there is joy in the old house; and the woods, and streams, and hillocks, and gardens have all new life—the just and the good have come to their own again! The ruddy glow of the heaped-up fuel in the old hall falls far and wide on the white frost, and is a beacon to the wayfarer to his to the door, from whence no one will depart in cold and hunger. I see the sweet spring flowers peeping up from the warm earth in the old avenue, and the young leaves with crinkled beauty deepen in the

sun. I see the summer roses filling the air with many odors, as the soft south wind shakes door and lattice of the ancient house; and in the autumn time a blaze of golden beauty is about the woods, the fields and the flowers, and Knightriders will be again all that it has ever been, and the glory of the shire! I see it all—I see it all! There, where yonder lake of purple melts away in the far west. I see it all! I see it all!"

There was a death-like stillness among those at the ale-house door, and the swarthy countenance of Hackets took a sallow hue, as he muttered to himself, "The prophetic spirit is upon her, and she needs not time nor place."

"Then Knightriders is to be again inhabited?" said the young Saxon-looking man on the form.

"Then the dead will be carried away—the dead with the dead, and to the dead!" added Mirza. "What ghostly company! Through the old walls—past the ancient tapestry! I see them now! I see them now! Face to face—so still—so terrible!"

Hackets strode up to the gipsy woman and spake to her again in the patois of the tribe, but she made no reply to him. Her eyes were still fixed on the setting sun, the glory of which was rapidly fading away; and then, after a few moments of silence, she spoke again in a low wailing tone.

"There was a man and he was rich, and noble, and great; but he had the besetting sin of avarice, and he was fond of pleasure. The one desire he sought to gratify at the gaming-table, the other, by forgetting all obligations of God or man. He lost all—all! The goodly estate, all lost! and into strange hands passed the possessions of his father."

"Of whom speak you, mother?" said Tom Burn.

She went on, without apparently hearing the question.

"The two sons sought to win back the lost inheritance. One by arts, foul and wicked; the other, by gentler means and honest purposes. I see a prison cell, and I see the pale face of the condemned. I see the bloodless cheek and the compressed lip, bitten in the agony of that moment, when the surging sound of the multitude that waits around the scaffold reached his ears. I see the better heart of the purer brother nearly breaking. I hear his wild appeal for mercy to his erring brother. And there is another broken spirit there. I see her. How fair she is—oh! how fair she is!"

"You are mad!" whispered Hackets, in the ear of Mirza. "For the love of all we love, shake off this frenzy! I have work to do."

He shook her roughly by the arm. The sun at that moment dipped beneath the western horizon, and a cold, dull aspect spread itself over sky and earth. With a scream, Mirza sprang to her feet.

"Where am I?"

Hackets scowled upon her, and the rustics gradually approached nearer and nearer to the pair, to ascertain what they were saying.

"Another flagon yet," cried Hackets. "One more, friends, and then I will see our mother home to the dell, where are our tents and our little ones. Farmer Miller lets us camp in the old dell, and we do no harm to him or his. But when I heard of all this that happened to him last night, and that he had suffered so much from the fearful fire, I routed up, as I tell you, the hoarded silver, to cheer our hearts with. Another flagon yet. Come, Mirza, will join us?"

Mirza hung her head and sighed deeply. Then she rose to her feet, for she had sunk again on to the form, in a huddled-up sort of fashion, and with a hasty step left the place.

"Let her go," said Hackets. "She is, at times, I fancy, not quite right in her mind."

"But she says great things of Knightriders," said Tom Burn.

"Ay, she does. I will follow her; and I wish we all of us could think that honest Farmer Miller would be rich enough to raise his happy roof again."

"I tell you what!" cried one of the men, as he looked flushed and heated with the deep draughts he had taken of the ale; "I tell you what I know. John Miller he gone to Exeter, and if he don't come back to-night, with a heavy bag of gold, my name beant Josh Dickson. That be all."

"To-night?" said Hackets.

"Yes, but it be not to be said; for we all know that there be two things have come of late over the shire."

"Two things?"

"Ay, there be!"

"Take another pull at the ale. It won't hurt you."

"Well, I will be so bold as to say, Hackets, that gipsy though you be, you're a Christian. Ah, that's good—What was I saying?"

"Something about two things coming over the shire."

"Surely, surely!—and they be fire and robbery!—and if John Miller be not at Ferry's End by ten o'clock, why I shall think he have met the Knightrider."

"We poor gips," said Hackets, with a self-denying kind of look, "pay so little attention to what is going on in the world about us, so long as we are let pitch our tents in peace, in some quiet spot, and can go from fair to fair and market to market and make enough for our humble wants, that I hardly know what you mean, when you talk of meeting a Knightrider."

Half a dozen voices now all at once began a noisy chorus of explanations.

"One at a time," said Hackets, "while the rest pass round the ale."

"Then I'll tell you," said one, after he had paid a prolonged and deep attention to the flagon. "On any road between here and Exeter, wherever a man may be with gold in his purse, he is like to meet a horseman who stops him and robs him, threatening the dear life, and at the last moment, as he leaves him, he says, in a strange voice, as if it didn't belong a bit to this world, 'Knightriders!'"

"Odd, that!"

"And so he is called the Knightrider!"

"A highwayman?"

"Yes!" said the man who had formerly been so communicative, and had already taken too much ale; "and that's why, at ten o'clock, I am to meet John Miller on his road home from Exeter, with the money he has gone to raise to rebuild Holly Tree homestead, you see. But I mustn't tell any one, as I promised not, so you won't let it go any further, or say a word about it."

"Not a word!" said Hackets, "not a word! And now, good evening to you all, and may honest John Miller rear his roof-tree once again, and be happy!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the rustics; and Hackets, at a rapid pace, left the ale-house, and took his way to the picturesque dell in which the gipsies had had leave from Farmer Miller, for many a year, to pitch their tents.

As he went, Hackets muttered to himself various disjointed sentences, and made occasionally violent motions with his arms; and the rapid pace he went at was only diminished when he mounted a little eminence, on the other side of which, deep down in a pretty hollow, was the encampment of his people.

"I don't comprehend at all," he said, as he paused a moment and looked upon the fluttering faded canvas coverings that formed houses for the gipsies, and saw the quivering reflections of the night fires that, in the increasing gloom of the evening, began to show themselves on the surrounding herbage. "I don't understand it; but I suppose she does, and I must obey her. If I could only find out where he keeps his boards, I would at one swoop have all, and be off to our brethren in Spain; and yet—yet, pursued, a discovery were death—certain death. The gipsy penalty for breach of faith one to the other, or one to the tribe, is death. There's many a mouldering corpse of the faithless lies beneath the field path or the hedge trench. I must be more than careful."

Slowly Hackets descended the hillside. A couple of lank-looking dogs came scurrying towards him. He addressed them by their names, and they ran round him in circles, and evidently knew him well.

In a few moments more he was fairly within the limits of the encampment.

A singular scene then presented itself. A crowd of swarthy-looking men, to the number of about thirty, was gathered together in crouching attitudes, whilst in their midst, standing up to her full height, which was considerably above that of women ordinarily, was Mirza; she was holding above her head the white wand which she had with her when we last saw her, and as Hackets joined the throng he heard her voice, calm and unimpassioned, in the peculiar dialect of the gipsies, and her translated words were as follows: "Spare life, if life will be spared. Take life, if life will be taken. He who loves his gold better than his life, loses gold and life. It is written so. He is here!"

Although she could not possibly see Hackets where he stood in the throng—for he was behind her, and shrouded too in the deep shadows of some tall and luxuriant beeches—Mirza turned abruptly and pointed directly at him, and he stepped forward.

"As before," she added; "he will select his own instruments, and they will obey him."

Hackets stepped forward, and making his way with a soft, slow, noiseless step among the throng of gipsies, he touched six of them, one by one, lightly on the breast, and each one as he did so, said, "Ready!"

Then the whole throng seemed to melt away, as they dispersed to their different tents, and Hackets stood alone, with the six men he had selected.

"Come," he said. "It is time."

At a rapid pace he started off towards the south-west, and the six gipsies followed him. They were all soon lost to sight in the deep shadows of the hedgerows along which they took their way, following pretty accurately in each other's footsteps.

The Miller family had, after all, accepted of the hospitality of the brothers Reve, and were up at their abode at the little farm-house of Deep Hollow.

There was a look of radiant joy about the eyes of Walter Reve, as he saw his own dear Anna moving in grace and beauty in the little garden, which he had made his especial care; and when he saw that any particular plant or flower met with her especial regards, he determined that that should be tended and more gently nurtured than the rest, for her dear sake.

It is necessary now that we should say something of Walter Reve personally, and likewise of his brother. There was a great difference between the two brothers in everything but in height, and in that there was scarcely a shade. Walter was just a trifle taller than his brother, Abel Reve.

But Walter had the rich brown hair, rather light than dark, which might have stood comparison with many of the tresses of the most admired beauties of the other sex; while Abel's hair was black as jet, and entirely wanted that tendency which Walter's had to fall into circling masses, and assume those curves which Hogarth has defined as the line of beauty.

In fact there was no real similarity between the brothers, although people who thought it a proper thing to find relatives all resembling each other, often declared they saw the likeness. There was one little peculiarity about Walter which Abel often jestingly alluded to, and which Walter himself quietly laughed at—that was, a womanly sort of peach-colored complexion, which mantled into an exceedingly rich color on either cheek, and which no wind or weather seemed capable of deteriorating, or in any way blemishing.



"In a few moments more he was fairly within the limits of the encampment."

The pale, sallow face of Abel, on the contrary, only deepened into a yellowish brown when exposed much to the sunlight.

There was, too, about the disposition of Walter a something which we can only indicate by the word credulity. That is to say, he was so trustful and unsuspecting, so unprying and receivable—if we may use the word—in his nature, that no one had any difficulty in making him believe anything which did not exactly outrage all experience, or was not contrary to what he knew of the laws that govern the world in regard to its physical conditions and phenomena. There was something excessively engaging in this characteristic of Walter Reve. He had had it when a child, and it had never left him. It imparted an ingenuous look to his face and eyes, and gave a tone and color to all he said.

The Millers—that is, John Miller and his wife—loved Walter Reve, but towards Abel they seemed to have an instinctive dislike, which they could not wholly conceal. As for Anna, feeling as she did for Walter an affection as tender, ardent and devoted as it was possible for any heart to feel for another, she always trembled and shrank back upon the approach of Abel, and regarded him with a sort of superstitious terror.

And now the midday had passed away of that succeeding the calamitous fire at Holly Tree Farm, and at the gate leading to the high road from Deep Hollow, Farmer Miller waves his hand to his wife and daughter, and, putting the horse on which he was mounted to a sharp trot, he was off to Exeter.

Now Farmer Miller was a quiet man. He was one of those who, in this world, "kept his own counsel." No babbling he of what he did or what he meant to do; and a strange feeling had come over him in regard to this journey to Exeter, that he would not say to any one—no, not even to his wife—that he intended to return that same night to Deep Hollow.

It was not that he had any special motive in this secrecy with regard to his movements; but the idea got into his thoughts, and grew upon him until he could not shake it off.

"Something may detain me," he said to himself; "and then poor wife and Anna will get no rest the whole night through; whereas, if I get back by good time—say, before twelve—they will only be the more pleased to hear me come. And these strange highway robberies, too, that have been so frequent! No man, now-a-days, in this once happy and peaceful shire, should let living mortal know when at night he will be upon the road."

It was only, then, that that one farm servant that Farmer Miller had imparted the fact that he intended a return from Exeter that night, and him he enjoined to secrecy, at the same time that he desired him to meet him at a place called the Ferry End, which was at the Exeter side of a lonely and desolate piece of road, on which more than one mysterious highway robbery had of late taken place.

How this farm-servant, under the influence of the old October at the Stag's Horn, allowed his master's secret to ooze out, we are well aware.

Abel Reve was quietly mending a landing net belonging to his fishing apparatus when Farmer Miller left the farm of Deep Hollow, and Mrs. Miller went to the room that had been given up to her and her husband, and cried bitterly, for there was deep dejection in her heart.

Walter, with the light of love upon his face, made his way into the flower-garden to speak to Anna, now his own, with the approbation of both her parents, who, after what had occurred at the fire, would have thought themselves standing in the way of the will of heaven if they denied their sanction to her union with Walter.

And so the day wore away. There was sweet converse in the garden between those young and loving hearts; Mrs. Miller wept herself into a kind of composure, that, if it were not of the right sort, bore an outward semblance to it; and Abel Reve, as the sun dipped into the western horizon and the shadows of evening rapidly approached, called over the palings of the garden to his brother, "Walter, Walter!"

"Yes, Abel."

"I am going to set some eel lines to-night, and shall not be back, I dare say, till you are all in bed; so good night!"

"Good night, Abel!"

"Good night, Miss Miller!"

Anna shuddered, but she said, "Good night!" And just as Mrs. Miller appeared in the garden, Abel Reve, whistling carelessly, sauntered up the lane that was close to the little homestead.

(To be continued.)

LOTHARIO'S APOLOGY.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Your coming in last night, my love,
Was something sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbons of her rigolette;
She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you singing came
Into the room and tossed your head. For shame!

I saw a sort of maiden's Northern Lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
Drive frightened clouds across tempestuous skies;
I like the sea, and when it's easily had,
A very pretty woman—very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air—
You bear a queen's name and a queen you are—
With which you donned your thibet opera cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star.
'Twas charming in my mistress, but, my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I would not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes, or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial sea?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give him a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunderstorm
Brood in your eyes, with every now and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April, now be June again:
And let your fine old eyebrows' sliden span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and your your pout, and now—
You'll spoil that rosebud if you twist it so!—
Give me both hands that I may say, "Good Bless,
The good Queen Bless," and kiss you ere I go.
The good Queen Bless, whose heart and mind and face
Teach me to love all women—as a race!

So when I kissed your pretty Cousin Nell,
I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
But then, dear Bless, as I was standing by her,
Her lips quite close—now this is *cum nota*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you.

THE STORY OF AN OLD UNLUCKY HOUSE.

PART THE FIFTH—REVELMENTS.

The stranger from Switzerland who had so extraordinary a vocal gift, and had traced the Count Alexis to the handsome house in the western portion of the city, remained upon the track for many days and finally made his presence known. Advised of the count's lodgings, he called there. It was evening, and Alexis was within doors. He had purposely remained at home, expecting to hear from Neville the result of the latter's interview with his daughter. A little to the surprise of the Count Alexis, the afternoon had passed by without bringing the gentleman from the old house, and the evening had set in, when the announcement by a servant that a visitor was below excited the Frenchman greatly, although in the wrong direction. He jumped at once into the conclusion, that it was Neville who was below.

A moment's pause would have convinced him that it was not customary for Neville to wait the formality of an announcement prior to his appearance in the presence of his friend.

"Tell him to come to me immediately," said Alexis, quick. "I have been expecting him."

The servant obeyed, and soon reappeared, accompanied by the visitor. We need scarcely say it was not Hastings Neville—a very different person, François, the Swiss.

A look convinced Alexis of the mistake he had made, and the visitor and the domestic of the annoyance the count felt in consequence. He was about to command both to leave, and the stranger, if he had any business with him, to await his leisure below, when a second look excited him to a second surprise.

"You here!" he exclaimed; and he moved uneasily in his chair for a moment, then resumed his usual manner of placidity.

"Aye," was the cool rejoinder of the man, as with the utmost familiarity he took a seat, and turning to the servant, remarked, "You may leave us, friend."

The man was too good a disciplinarian to obey. Looking towards his master, he awaited his orders.

"Go," at length said Alexis; and his retainer left the room. There was a silence of a few minutes.

"You wonder at seeing me here, no doubt," observed François.

"I do. What would you have of me?"

"Money."

"Have I not already paid you in full?"

"For past services, truly; but I require more. I am here, as you see, in a strange country, and poor—without any friends at all. I must live."

"Then do so. But not on me!"

"Yes, on you! It were best that you do as I wish. There are reasons why you should."

The Count Alexis looked at his companion uneasily. He would have spoken, but it seemed as though something prevented him.

"Shall I tell you those reasons? Well, I will. Let me, then, reveal the stories of two men—one, the native of a land where life passes in a masquerade, a gay, rich gentleman—it may be like yourself; the other, born in a Swiss valley, of humble parents—just like myself. The ever-shifting chances of life throw these men together; the richer becomes the master, the poorer, the servant. Shall I go on?"

Alexis continued passive in his chair, returning neither yes or no to his querist. Emboldened by this silence, François proceeded.

"There was something extraordinary about this gay gentleman. He had become a gambler in his youth, even before his father's death, but not exactly after the fashion of some men. No; he studied how to grow wealthy, not by fair ventures on the table, but by those of trickery. He prospered, for gaming was a passion of his countrymen, and in the course of time he associated himself with people who had higher stakes to win than even he—schemers, who, under the guise of money-changers, furnished funds to their familiars, and who also accommodated the dupes of both with sums on the security of their lands or prospective fortunes. This gentleman married."

Alexis started; but François, not seeming to heed the action, continued.

"Married a fair lady, and good, and destined not to be very long-lived. How she died is a mystery. In the place where the event transpired, some people said poison did the work; others, neglect, and that ill-usage which deals not in blows, perhaps, but in what is more fatal. Well, this poor lady died, and her husband, enriched by her means and in no manner lamenting his loss, looked about for another."

There was a second start in Alexis.

But not to marry," continued the Swiss. "This, his second love, was not a daughter of the wealthy, though a creature of surpassing grace and beauty; trusting, too. Poor Marie! It was her beauty that attracted the spoiler; her weakness that strengthened him to triumph over her."

A convulsive movement agitated the Frenchman for a moment.

"She fell and died—the poor Marie; the victim of a lordly seducer," exclaimed François, in a tone of the truest pathos. He seemed to be truly agonised under the condition of his feelings. Why he should have been so might not well have been understood then; it would be by and bye.

"Well, what is all this to me?" asked Alexis, recovering his usual equanimity. "You are only telling me what I know already. What signifies recapitulation?"

"Much," replied the Swiss, significantly. "Listen a little further. Still fondly devoted to a gay life, although it would have appeared to the common world so aversive to anything of the kind, this French gentleman leaves his native land and bends his steps here. He has been preceded by others, familiars in the science on which he has grown rich, whose work he understands as they do his. He is captivated by a third beautiful damsel, the only child of his friend, whom he commissions to plead his suit with her, and at this moment he is awaiting the report."

"Well?"

"Pshaw! Is it necessary I should speak more explicitly? Is it to be supposed, for instance, that Hastings Neville, the proud though impoverished English squire, would be content to give his daughter to a proclaimed adventurer, who has, moreover, lied terribly in regard to the past?"

"Who is to reveal these matters?" asked Alexis.

"I," coolly responded François.

"You! Who would place credence in your words?"

"I know not," returned the Swiss, somewhat vindictively.

"But there are others whom I could summon to my side—men who, if they have any recollection of the Count Alexis, or having it to the extent I have, could do his courtship no injury by their report of his gaming and amatory exploits, might yet cause some trouble by their allusions to a certain agent of a political party in France, whose doings are not notoriously loyal, and for the arrest of all connected with which the French government has offered a high reward, and also placed itself in communication with the government of this land, with a view to the surrender of the traitors. There are such things as *aliases*; and the gentleman known by some people as the Count Alexis, merely a patron of the dice and cards, may by others be recognizable as—"

Those words had the effect of mollifying the Frenchman greatly; nothing could exceed the change in his bearing towards François. It was extravagantly gracious, and partook of the ludicrous beside. Seeing him seated, he yet invited him to be so; was profuse in his offers of refreshment; and, to crown all, took a well-filled purse from his pocket and laid it before François. The latter took it up, and, depositing it in a safe place, smiled at the count.

It was an odd sort of smile—something like that a beast of prey might be expected to indulge while contemplating a reptile on which it was its purpose to pounce by and bye.

"Now leave me, pray," importuned Alexis; "I expect a visitor shortly. He comes on important business, and no third person must be witness of our conference. Leave me, good friend, for an interval. You have the where-withal for present exigencies. When you require more, let me know."

François did not desire any further importuning. Rising from the chair on which he had seated himself so unceremoniously on his entrance into the apartment, he threw his cloak around him and replaced his hat upon his head.

The next moment he was gone.

The interview we have described as having taken place between Count Alexis and François, the Swiss, needs some explanation. The reader will have perceived that the poorer man seemed well acquainted with the richer man's history, and also to have been associated with him in France during the time he referred to. Such, truly, had been the case. Several years bygone, ere the Count Alexis married, he had taken François into his service, and had found him all he required as a faithful attendant. He had admitted him to his confidence, and the consequence was that the Swiss gained that knowledge of his master's life which enabled him to speak of the past with the utmost assurance. Alexis, as already stated, had married and become a widower. But he had not killed his wife by physical means, as the inference may be on the mind of the reader, but rather by those moral agencies which, as François truly said, are more fatal.

Shortly after his widowhood the Frenchman had removed to Italy, where he met the unfortunate woman spoken of as Marie. To those who knew Alexis and this girl, it seemed astonishing how anything approaching to a union could exist in persons rendered so dissimilar by nature. So obvious was the antagonism of their two souls, that had their connection in marriage been a proposition of friends, and every circumstance on either side favorable, the declaration would have gone forth that it could not be; that a man of such a sullen mood and so unprepossessing an exterior could never be loved there; that a creature so lovely and ingenuous as Marie could never suffer herself to be wooed by the count.

But people ought not to judge too hastily. Such ill-advised connections are by no means rare within and without the legalized pale of marriage. Why, it is for philosophy to discover.

Alexis had sought Marie with the sole purpose of possessing and then deserting her, as the libertine ever leaves the victim of his passion. This was a common practice with: 31, and the end, so far

as regarded poor Marie, was her waste and death. The man, François, had, from the first, taken an interest in the girl—that of an honest attachment, but never realised the true state of his mind until the object of his solicitude had fallen. Thenceforth he watched her with the deepest affection—watched her until she had died of a broken heart, and then he took a vow to avenge her when he could. No matter when or where, if he and Alexis lived, the latter should fall, and by his agency.

Apart from his practices in other respects, the Count Alexis was a notorious gambler, or rather cheat, at the dice and cards. His father had been somewhat in the same line, but in his day the "profession" had not been organized to the perfection it was in later years, and of course not carried to the same extent in secrecy and amount of transaction. Like other organizations, it was a carefully adjusted system, containing its looks within locks, and its wheels within wheels. It was a widely spread organization, too, of which fact we shall be adducing some evidence when we inform the reader that these adventurous gentlemen of the table had their agents all over Europe, direct and indirect, active and passive. Not the least influential was the Jew, Reuben Mathias. We have, also, to touch upon a circumstance mentioned in connection with his employer's career—his identification with a political party in France, against which the government had prepared to oppose its entire strength, if necessary. That party was pledged to divert the succession to the throne, and, under priestly guidance, would not hesitate at the commission of any deed, however heinous.

One incident referred to by the Swiss may need explanation—his allusion to the desired marriage with Agnes Neville. That was an item he had contrived to pick up from a gossiping serving-man attached to the count's person. The Frenchman, like many satiric individuals, unbent but seldom, and then only to a few. He had done so recently, and the man, "honored" by his confidence, in the fulness of his gratification, had been more fluent on the matter than he had any right to be.

With relation to the Nevilles, the interview between father and daughter had taken place, and resulted, as it may be supposed, in the refusal of Agnes to marry Alexis. It was in vain that persuasion was resorted to. Nothing could move the girl, of whose firmness of will we have already had to speak. Whatever people may say, women, when the proper occasion comes, are as firm as men—where the heart is concerned, much firmer. Agnes Neville did not shame her sex in this regard. She would never wed where solicited. Her father knew that and desisted from his visit. He had other tidings to convey, those appertaining to her relatives. Of her uncle's and aunt's coming by and bye she was advised, also of her cousin's, immediately. Her heart seemed to leap at the news—at that which had respect to young Ferdinand, most specially. Poor Hastings Neville! Had he been less embarrassed by his own troubles he might have united the beautiful blush that then overspread his daughter's cheek and bosom with the song she had so recently sung, and ascertained from the two where the heart of Agnes would be—where it was at that moment perhaps.

One thing Hastings Neville seemed determined to do. It was to go directly to the Count Alexis and inform him of what had occurred. He thought it best that the result of his overtures to Agnes should be known at once. With this object in view he set out from the old house the same afternoon which had brought François to his former master. He went the distance on horseback, but he progressed only slowly, and in the abstraction of his mind was frequently travelling out of his course. All this deferred his arrival at his friend's until a late hour in the evening.

Once more on the accustomed threshold, he gave his horse to his groom; he then entered the house. Ascending the stairs perhaps as heavily as he had those of his own house a few hours since, he entered the presence of the count unbidden.

"What news?" was the first inquiry of Alexis.

He might have read what had been the result of Neville's interview with his daughter, but he did not, or if he did, affected not to do so.

"Ill news, indeed," returned Hastings. "Agnes declines your suit."

"She does?"

The words were spoken slowly and calmly, and the new comer, half doubting and half astonished, looked fixedly at his companion, to ascertain whether it really were possible that he could listen so complacently to an intimation which had brought Hastings such extreme disquietude.

"Deeply am I grieved that it should have been so," he pursued. "I did my best; first, trusting to the authority of parentage; then craving acquiescence to your suit, or if not that exactly, the promise that she would try to think better of your proposition. But she remained immovable."

"She is a strong-willed girl."

Neville could not help noticing the placidity of his companion's manner. It was the more remarkable from the circumstances of recent date, from which it was only natural to infer a more excited demeanor even in the habitually cold Frenchman. That Alexis had been prompted to his suit for the hand of Agnes by motives of sufficient interest to render her yea or nay a business of some importance, it is only proper for us to surmise. It appeared, however, that the count, on discovering the uselessness of his late endeavor, merely realized the sensations he might have experienced had one of his horses failed him, or had he lost a trifling amount of money.

"A self-willed girl indeed," he repeated. "But yet, who is to blame her? Not I, in faith, and I hope not you, her father. True, I sought her, though only in the expectation of her consent seconding my wishes. Otherwise I would not have wedded her. After all, she has decided in obedience to her own heart, which I was resolved she should do if accepting me. Therefore the business is at an end. But, Neville," the count proceeded, while a strange light passed across his face, usually so clouded, "there need be no estrangement with us. Let us rather be firmer friends than ever. Think no more of your pecuniary obligations to me, as I shall not, although it will ever be my pleasure to supply you with the means for the excitement to which both of us are devoted. Still there is one favor I would beg of you."

"Name it," exclaimed Neville, suddenly starting up, and feeling as though he were relieved of a great weight.

"It is simply this," replied Alexis; and as he spoke his glance was penetrating to the extreme, and the expression of his face quite ambiguous; "that when Agnes Neville marries, as I suppose she will, I, because I am a slighted suitor, may not be discarded as a guest, farther than when fresh from the altar the love-cup is presented to her and her choice, I may be the officiator, the first to drink to the future happiness of the wedded, and then to pass the cup to them and to their friends."

"Assuredly," replied Neville; "the request is a simple one; I grant it with all my heart, and would that I had more to yield."

The stay of Neville with Alexis was not long continued. Rising and bidding him a cordial farewell, Hastings quitted the house; then remounting his steed, which his man held at the door, he pursued his way homewards.

It had been a long time since he had felt so happy. The apparent generosity of Alexis had elicited both his surprise and admiration, while the probabilities there existed of his daughter's choice of a husband, in appealing to her father's family pride and best affections, were an addition to the pleasantness of his feelings.

His course homewards was much quicker than his course thence had been, and more welcome the view of his home, on his return, than it had been on his departure—more light, too, his footsteps up the stairs to his daughter's room than they had been some hours since.

At last he entered the chamber of Agnes, and immediately confessed to a sight almost bordering on the miraculous. Never had his daughter, always sufficiently like her dead mother, seemed so like her as she did then; and never had Hastings seen anybody so like himself in his younger days as the youth then sitting at the girl's side, very near her, and with his arm flung around the back of her chair, whispering to her also, while she was a silent listener, if that could be called silence that tells its own tale by the glance of the eye and the flush of the cheek. That scene! It was as though twenty years in the world's history had been cancelled, and youth and maidenhood had come back to a dead matron, and bachelorhood to a widowed and prematurely old man!

"My father!"

"Ferdinand!"

And Hastings Neville clasped in his embrace his nephew, whom, until that moment, he had never seen, just as, a long time since, he had embraced the boy's father, whom he might never see again.

PART THE SEVENTH.—ON THE SEA AND ON THE SHORE.

THE departure of William Neville and his Araza from the land in which they had lived so long together, happy and united, followed

quickly the departure of their son. It had been the desire of the husband to take the passage with his old friend, Drake; but time would not permit the arrangement. It would be more than six months ere the bluff seaman would return to the western land; long before the expiration of that term it was Neville's most earnest wish to be at the old house with his brother and son.

The bark that bore him and Araxa was Spanish, and in every respect, it seemed, capable of weathering danger. The cargo was more rich than extensive, and the discipline complete. It was a beautiful bark, too, and as it made its way on the ocean, its gilded sides flashing in the sun, and its white sails spread like wings to the wind, it presented about as imposing a spectacle as could well be conceived.

Never was passage more free from storm than that of William Neville and his Indian wife. Generally, it was little else than a calm they experienced. Day after day, when the ocean might have been one immense sheet of glass, from the tranquillity of its surface, and the sun shone down on it fiercely, the bark rolled from side to side—so causing that disagreeable sensation to all within, which, by constant repetition, became so irksome as to suggest storm itself as a tolerable alternative.

The placidity of the elements, whence this condition arose, protracted the passage considerably. When the bark had been out six weeks it was computed that she had only made the distance that, under even moderately favorable weather, should have been covered in half the time. Afterwards there was a change a very little for the better, giving rise to a terrible alternation of feeling in the passengers and crew. It was then that light breezes, blowing for a short time, were succeeded by calms profound as those which had preceded them.

There had been less variety in the events marking the passage than in the passage itself. From their third day at sea to their eighteenth no other vessel had been viewed from the look-out. Towards the evening of the latter day, however, a ship hove in sight. What she was, or what her business, were matters soon made manifest. A Spanish frigate, she had been sent out commissioned to overhaul suspicious craft. In those days piracy was more common than it is now; and what had rendered the government at Madrid very careful at that juncture was the circumstance of political plotting. The Spanish foothold in the country whence William Neville had departed was too new, and therefore too unassured, not to inspire apprehension; and there had been really too many attempts of an overt character to dispute the sovereignty of the invaders, and too many more open essays to dispute that sovereignty between the invaders themselves, not to render a resort to preparations for actual contest perfectly necessary.

The booming of a cannon from the frigate tokened the desire of her commander: it was that the trader should come to.

But that was an arrangement which, it seemed, the captain of the private vessel felt no particular desire to obey. The distance between the two was considerable, and, as a further incentive for escaping delay and disagreeable scrutiny, a fresh wind at that moment sprang up. It was fair for the vessel bound to Neville's home, and decided the commander in his act of disobedience to lawful authority. Instead of waiting for the frigate, the trader squared all sail, and laid the course in a contrary direction.

But he had not counted on the sailing qualities of the strange ship, nor on the means at the disposal of its commander to enforce the instructions of his superiors on land. No sooner did it become obvious that submission was not desired by those whose duty it was under the circumstances to render it, than another gun was fired from the frigate. The shot falling short of the merchantman, it elicited but little attention. Another and then another followed in quick succession, while the space between the two vessels was narrowed. The third shot struck the mainmast of the trader, and apparently made as deep an impression on the master's will. "Prudence, they say, is the better part of valor," and so this commander seemed to think. No longer resistant, he gave the customary sign of obedience, and was soon by the side of the frigate.

Then, with sword in hand, the captain of the vessel of war, accompanied by his officers and men, boarded the private barque and commenced the search. Under ordinary circumstances, that might have proved satisfactory enough, and the trader been allowed to proceed on her way; but the mere act of disobedience we have had to record changed the course of events entirely. Placed under arrest, the master was informed that he must submit to the transfer of his vessel to an officer belonging to the frigate, and the turning of its course towards Spain. It was in vain that the master and Neville craved for more considerate treatment. Perhaps the fervor of the latter's manner tended to confirm the decision of the officer commanding the frigate. There was something distinguished about William's appearance, he looked and spoke so much like a man who had exercised power, or been fitted by nature for it, that his identification with political plot or mischief, especially in the estimation of one who was professionally suspicious, is not to be wondered at in the least.

"To Spain!" exclaimed William Neville, as a cloud of vexation crossed his brow. Araxa read her husband's thoughts, and was painfully affected when the matter was explained to her, although William did his best to rob the unexpected change in this course of its due severity.

"A delay of a few days, that is all, dearest Araxa."

"A few days," repeated the Indian wife, sadly.

She thought of the time with reference to her maternal heart. In that calendar, when an only and a beloved son is to be rejoined, days sometimes count as years.

Fortunately for the Nevilles, the progress of their vessel, after its capture by the frigate, was more speedy than it had been before. The date of its arrival in a Spanish port was certainly antecedent, it was thought by all on board, to what that of its arrival at the original destination would have been.

The case of the captain's disobedience underwent a hearing before the authorities, and the result was the infliction of a heavy fine and a reprimand; the fine paid, the vessel was allowed to depart. No time was lost in preparation, and once more Neville and Araxa had the pleasure of finding themselves on the direct course to the spot that held everything dear to their hearts.

On the waters again, no great interval would be counted ere their reunion with their son.

Happy in the contemplation, husband and wife paced the deck nightly, and bent their eyes eagerly towards the land which they were nearing.

"In a few days."

The words had a different meaning in Araxa's heart now. The deferral of past hope might probably have lent addition to the prospect, though to nothing like the previous extent.

"In a few days!" And a beautiful glow passed over Araxa's cheek, and a bright light settled in her eyes.

Leaving Neville and his gentle wife on their assured course homeward, it is best that we should return to persons we quitted at the commencement of this section of our history.

As it might have been expected, Ferdinand and Neville became deeply attached to his cousin Agnes, who reciprocated his passion with all the intensity of which a young girl's heart can be capable. Of course from such a courtship as theirs only one legitimate result could accrue—marriage. In the contemplation of that Hastings Neville felt exceedingly happy, and it was an additional gratification for him to know that, as the guardian of his daughter and nephew, he had obeyed most implicitly the injunctions of his brother. So far from intimating to either Agnes or Ferdinand a desire for their union, Hastings had been anticipated in his double commendation of the cousins by their own, and in the assurance of his and William's consent to their union by the mutual declaration that each was loved. One circumstance, however, had not been forgotten, the apparent generosity of the Count Alexis and the modest request he had urged.

It was expected that William Neville and his Araxa would arrive at the old house in time to witness the espousal of the young people, but they—so the absent brother had counselled—were not to be deferred on that account. Prophetically as it turned out, he had spoken in his last letter of possible delay, which might extend over months. He was not the churl to desire a deferral of his children's happiness, because by the elements or other means his arrival in the old scenes of his youth might be postponed. It would be sufficient pleasure for him to meet Ferdinand and Agnes married, and to rejoice over the event with Hastings.

At length the day for the marriage was appointed, and due preparations were made for celebrating it. All these were superintended by Hastings, who could not help deriving both joy and sadness from the duty, as it recalled very forcibly the events which had ushered in his own union with the mother of Agnes, near a quarter of a century since.

Neville Manor was all astir again. Many who had been old at the

era of Hastings' marriage had gone down to the earth, those middle aged had grown old and walked about the "doubles" of a former generation of ancestors. In like manner, the place of the whilom young had been taken by those unborn at the former era. As for the house itself, it looked the same as ever. It was a brave old pile, and when it began to show signs of decay, people might cast up their eyes and be excused the utterance of homilies upon the transient nature of all worldly things.

Something else, old like the house, was yet to be seen about it—changed very much from the aspect of twenty years bygone. It was Margery. Past the century she had asserted so often she had been ordained to live, she had not forgotten her old practice of augury, or the shadowy side to which all her instincts in that direction tended. Countless had been the occasions on which, while other persons were flush of happy prophecy, she had broken in with her anticipations to the contrary—sometimes by ambiguous phrase, at others too minute in her details to be misunderstood by the simplest. Now that Ferdinand and Neville was to be married to her cousin, the beautiful Agnes, and the talk ran on the event—now, while blessings were called down on the young heads of the contracted, and heaven was daily invoked to prolong their future—now Old Margery could not resist from her former practices—her looks and her mumbled words! Were the future of Ferdinand and Agnes Neville to be read from these, and would that future be!

Many watched the preparations for this marriage, generally considered of so auspicious a character; though perhaps none more so than the Count Alexis. He was often at the old house, and had seen Agnes Neville since her refusal of his suit—also Ferdinand, who could not bring himself to like the Frenchman, try what he might to do so. The quiet, dull ways of the one were altogether antithetical to the gay frankness of the other.

And strange to say, there were persons constantly on the track of the Count Alexis—François, the Swiss vagabond, for one; another, a man even more mysterious than the noble. He was from France also, and had only recently arrived in the neighborhood of the Nevilles. Strange, François was frequently with Alexis, from whose well-filled purse he received ample funds for his support; strange also that François often met the Frenchman, and had earnest talk with him—but, strangest of all, it might be imagined, was it that no word of this was ever breathed to the count!

We come to the night preceding the nuptials of Ferdinand and Agnes Neville. Then, on the sea, not many miles from the point of intended debarkation, might have been seen William Neville and his Araxa; in the great city neighboring the old house, the Count Alexis, wrapped in a cloak, and with a slouched hat upon his head, passing from door to door, the object of two men's scrutiny. They have stationed themselves in the angle of a building, whence they can see all, though unseen themselves save to a few passers-by. Their glances towards Alexis are keen and significant, although the men themselves do not follow in his way. It is not difficult to identify these watchers with François and the stranger from France.

The course of Alexis is a long and a circuitous one, and his destination, it would seem, a part of the city directly opposite the point whence he has set forth. Arriving there at length, he pauses, and for what reason it would be difficult to divine, looks cautiously about him. The street he has entered is in the neighborhood we have already described Neville as entering, on his visit to the Jew, Reuben Mathias.

It was not the same street, however; though equally dark and rife of houses which had stood long after their time, and would doubtless, at no very remote date, tumble to pieces and crush their living occupants beneath a ruin of stone, rafters and wood.

Following the movements of the Count Alexis, we perceive that he enters this house, the lower portion of which is appropriated as a shop, and from the attenuated owner or attendant purchases something. A brief colloquy passes between the men. The coveted article for the purchaser, the money for the seller, and then the two part; Alexis, on regaining the street, repeating the same curious look he had given on entering it, then hurrying on at the top of his speed; the tradesman following him with an uneasy glance until he had turned the corner, and then retiring within doors, to chuckle over the stranger's mistake or wilful liberality. The old man finds a large golden coin in his hand; the amount given for an article the money would have fairly purchased a hundred fold.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, 26th October, 1859.

DEAR SIR—On my return from Paris I found your letter of the 8th enclosing a remittance, and requesting me to write what news I could pick up during my stay in this wilderness of streets. I will do so, of course, on the terms you propose, but as my stay here will be only five or six weeks—certainly not beyond Christmas—when I shall be on my way to Florence, you had better make arrangements with my friend—to continue them. I must not forget to mention that I had a day's stroll with your correspondent in Paris, François; he is not improved by his Parisian life; he is half a Frenchman—for instance, he shuts up his eyes, shrugs his shoulders, says, "Ma foi, l'indieu!" and affects a thousand of those graces which do not become republican shoulders. He has also got a shocking habit of swearing, *sacré*ing this and *mon dieu*ing that, like a very Zouave; however, as the profanity is in French, I suppose it is of less importance than were it expressed in a Christian language. He has very comfortable quarters in the Rue Blanche, and lives in fine style.

I was not a little surprised at the dislike expressed everywhere towards the English. It is the only freedom of speech a Frenchman is permitted to indulge in. My own opinion is that Louis Napoleon, seeing the terrible dilemma his Italian policy has placed him in, is willing to raise sufficient dust to cover his retreat, or to turn the attention of France from his actual position. He is certainly in a very embarrassing one, since if he endorses the policy of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi he proclaims war against the Pope of Rome and the clergy of France, those pests to every nation where free thought is considered part and parcel of humanity. It may be all very well for the editors of English and American papers to say, "Care not for what these priests say, the independence of Italy is the crowning glory of your reign, and renders you supreme in the hearts of freemen." We must remember that the people of France is one of the most ignorant and impulsive in the world, and that to war against the priests is to invite a revolution or a stiletto.

The foreign news, although important, can be summed up in a very few words. The Cabinet has meetings almost every day, and they frequently last for hours. It is pretty well understood that there is a split in the Ministry. Milner Gibson and Gladstone being against a war with China, while both these Ministers hold strong views on the Italian question. Palmerston and Russell are in favor of prosecuting the war against China with the utmost vigor; but while old Pam goes in for a co-operation with France in this affair, Lord John Russell, like a true Englishman, wants to do it alone, and to avoid all further entanglements with so uncertain an ally. He maintains that the separate action of Louis Napoleon in the Italian war put an end to the *entente cordiale*, or rather to that Siamese twinning which had existed since the Crimean war. Generally speaking, neither the English nation nor the French like these joint expeditions, and the notorious propensity of the French to pocket all the glory, whether it belongs to them or not, and the no less notorious disposition of John Bull to pooh-pooh every victory but those he gains himself, render a concerted action between such oil and vinegar almost impossible, except in such a salad as a Congress in the millennium.

The Great Eastern will not sail for America this year. A wise decision. It may be all very well for illustrated papers, but it does not suit the stockholders. The ship is in a very unfinished state. I believe her to be a great success, but a venture of such magnitude demands the utmost care. Prince Napoleon visited her last week, and was received by Captain Harrison with freezing respect. The weather was cold, and the rain was a pretty steady one. After looking over part of the marine monster, the prince showed that, although a Bonaparte, he had yet a little common humanity left; for he said, "Captain Harrison, have you anything to eat on board this magnificent specimen of England's glory?" "Oui, mon prince," replied the Jack Tar. You must know that a Frenchman always speaks broken English to a Britisher, and an Englishman had French to a foreigner, as a sort of compliment. The result of Prince Plon-Plon's inquiry led to a capital breakfast on board the Great Eastern, to which the husband of Clothilde did ample justice. You no doubt know that things disappear under his vest with marvellous rapidity.

The Zurich treaty has been so much discussed that I shall say nothing about it, beyond that it has satisfied no party except

Austria. The mere fact of the restoration of the dukes being required is significant of war, since it is not probable that the Central Italian States will submit to their exiled rulers without a struggle; and with Garibaldi and Fanti at the head of forty thousand troops, and backed by Victor Emmanuel's fine Piedmontese army, the Italians could hold their own against Austria with ease. If Louis Napoleon should, as a point of ultra-honor with Francis Joseph, attempt to coerce the Tuscans, Modenese, Parmese and Bolognese, he could rouse a spirit in France, as well as Italy, which all the bayonets in his pay could not put down. The French themselves would see that he had either failed in his Italian campaign, or that he had sacrificed their comrades to "the idea" of his personal glory. Either of these would be fatal, or certainly most dangerous, to the stability of his dynasty.

I ought to add that Prince Albert went on board the Great Eastern, which, of course, is of no more importance than if John Smith, jun., had stretched his plebeian eyes in wonder at her dimensions.

The war between Spain and Morocco annoys the British Government mightily. The common opinion is that Spain is but the cat-paw of Louis Napoleon. The *Times*, *Herald* and *Post* all declare that Spain shall not hold Tangiers, or, indeed, any prominent spot on the African side of the Straits of Gibraltar. The *Herald* (Derby's organ) threatens Spain with the loss of Cuba if she proceeds to endanger English influence in the Mediterranean. I dare say some of our half Irish-bogus-American presses will blow about this, and say that it means to take it for John Bull; this is a mistake, the meaning is, that if Spain leans unduly to France, England will encourage the United States to take possession of Cuba. With regard to the San Juan difficulty, it will all end in smoke. The Americans here, especially old Peabody, say that Harney ought to be put in a course of cooling medicine, and that Governor Douglas ought to be whipped at the cart's tail. These men are certainly unhappy specimens of the two great nations. That the island is ours by natural right is certain, but those blundering diplomats, Buchanan and Webster, got pens in their hands, and the result is a difficulty which would have taken the sword to settle half a century ago. As for the cant of human progression, I don't believe a word of it; the pen that is mightier than the sword is the penitentiary, for only a persistent regimen and discipline can whip the offending Adam out of man.

As a proof of the natural pugnacity of our race, I may mention that the rifle corps are forming in all directions. The radical prints say that in less than a year they will number two hundred thousand men. Never was England more united. Fifty years ago there were Jacobin clubs to echo the sentiments of the Napoleon of that hour. All this disaffection to the Government has passed away, and there is no division in the camp of Queen Victoria.

John Mitchell, who broke his parole and ran to your shores, but whom you are now happily rid of, promises the tyrant of France half a million of Irishmen to fight for him, should he invade England. But John "the vitriol man" would be the first to betray his imperial friend if he had the opportunity; that is, if he were offered a sufficient consideration. Surely, he who sold liberty for a fine fat nigger in Alabama would betray a tyrant for a little gold in Europe. You must not confound such men as Mesgher and McManus with this renegade. He is now in France trying to raise funds to start a newspaper.

I met Mr. Young, of the New York *Albion*, the other day in Leadenhall street. Strange to say, he belongs to a very respectable family in England; his father was an admiral in the British service, and much esteemed. This reminds me that there is some renewed talk about establishing an American newspaper here. I do not think it will succeed. There are not enough Americans in London to render it a success; and, besides, those that are here are not so clamorous as the Cockneys are.

Literary matters are looking up. Smith, Elder & Co., of Cornhill, have completed their arrangements for their new magazine, the first number of which will appear on the 1st of January, 1860. Thackeray, the editor, will contribute the first of a series, to be called "Historical Sketches." He commences with an analytical and biographical portrait of Alfred the Great. Heaven and earth! Alfred the Great, the most earnest of men, and Thackeray, the least so of human worms. When Thackeray has a subject on his writing-table, it reminds us of the body under the knife of the anatomist. He kills it before he touches it. Thackeray is a dissector, not a philosopher.

Mr. Macmillan has also announced a new magazine to be published in Cambridge. It is to be edited by David Masson. The chief attraction of the opening numbers will be a new romance by Wm. Harrison Ainsworth. It is so long since the brilliant author of "Rookwood" gave us a blast of his old-born Romance, that much public curiosity is excited by the announcement.

Sir Charles Napier and Admiral Berkeley are both out in print; they have published pamphlets calling upon Britain to arm, warning them of perditional Gaul, and uttering considerable truth. With all my prejudice in favor of Louis Napoleon, I am afraid he is approaching that culminating point in which he will appear such a decided nuisance to Russia, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, Germany, not excepting Austria, saying nothing of England, that he will be put down by the common consent of Europe, and this will be the end of the Bonapartes. This may be considered now as an extravagant assertion, but wait five years—that's all!

The strike of the London workmen still continues, but there are too many traitors to render it efficient. The struggle between labor and capital is absurd. Labor cannot exist without food; it has a digestion. Gold can sleep like the altho for years and not perish. The following item from the *Times* sounds the deathknell to mechanics' rights:

The total number of men who had resumed work under the declaration up to Saturday, the 15th instant, computed from official returns, was 11,692. The total number of the men who resumed work in establishments adopting a shop rule containing the spirit of the declaration was 2,335.

A curious trial has lately happened at Hastings. A lawyer, aged sixty-two, has been tried for horse-stealing. He pleaded guilty. He was a habitual indulger in opium, and under the influence of this deadly drug, he had mounted a horse and ridden off with it. Notwithstanding the evidence was conclusive that the prisoner labored under a delirium, the British Rhadamantus condemned him to eight months' imprisonment. An English paper adds, it is hardly necessary to say that the judge had a horse—it might be stolen—and he therefore very properly punished the culprit, that his horse might not be ridden off without his consent. This delusion reminds me of another still more terrible. I will give it verbatim from the *Daily News*:

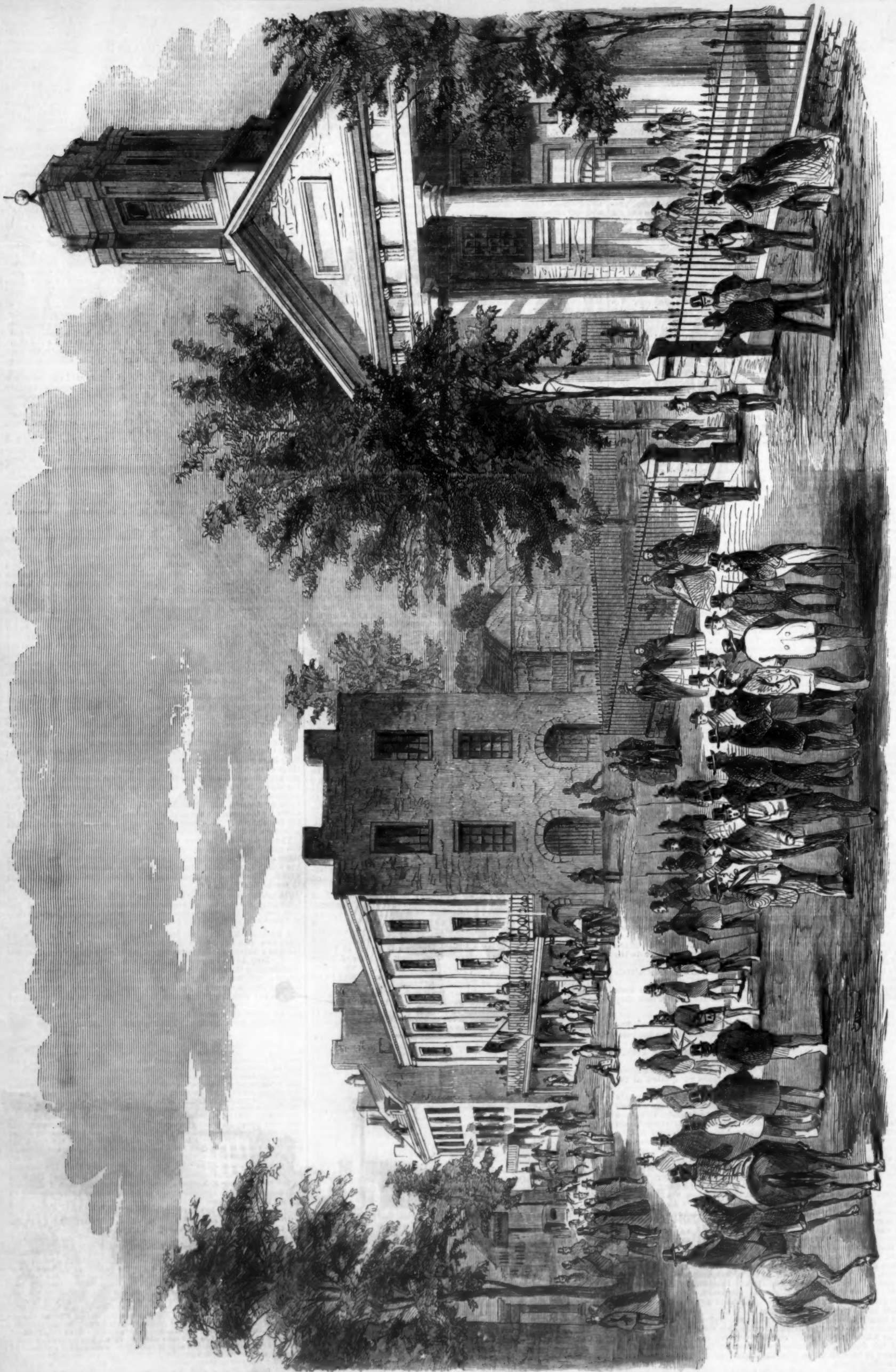
A woman, worked up to a pitch of religious frenzy by attending the nightly meetings which are now the rage, and following literally the allegorical language of Scripture, deliberately plucked out her right eye, bugging her husband to follow her example, and thus enter the kingdom of heaven. Far from doing so, he very properly placed her under the care of the infirmary doctor, who remonstrated with her on her folly, but to no effect, as she declared "there was nothing she would not do to win God's love," and two days afterwards was found all dangerous weapons having been removed—blinding off her right hand. She did not fully succeed in this, but inflicted such a wound on the tendons of the thumb that lockjaw supervened, and she died four days afterwards. The other case is that of a poor girl who now lies in such a state of prostration that she faints if raised in her bed, and yet refuses to take any nourishment, saying she has been told that she is better prepared to die now that the spirit has been freshly poured out upon her than she will ever do again, and therefore will not strive to live.

My friend — has just dropped in to say that the second edition of the *Times* announces the probable adhesion of England to the contemplated Congress, under the assurance that, if England will not insist upon the postulate of Central Italy being allowed to choose its own rulers, France will back England in forcing that policy upon Europe in the Congress itself.

On dit, the Great Eastern is to be fitted with Armstrong's guns, and converted into a ram floating battery. Adieu.

JONATHAN.

An Unapproachable Miscreant.—Nearly a month ago, a man named Ingham, of Kingston, left that village under the pretence of visiting his relations in Red Bank, New Jersey, taking his wife along with him. In a few days after he returned, and stated that his wife had been taken suddenly ill, and died. He appeared to be filled with grief, and collecting what money was due him in the village he left, and from that time to this nothing has been heard of him. Not long after his departure, a letter was received by the authorities of Kingston from the Police Justice of Red Bank, which stated that he had attempted to murder his wife in order to save the expense of her support. Mrs. Ingham arrived in Kingston on Tuesday, and complained that her husband attempted to murder her as they were crossing over a bridge on the way to Red Bank. He pushed her from the edge of the bridge, when she fell a distance of forty feet into the water, and supposing of course that she would be drowned, made off. The poor creature, however, managed to crawl to the shore, and, arriving at Red Bank, stated the above account, when she was sent to Kingston.



VIEW IN CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE PRISON, GUARD-HOUSE AND COURT-HOUSE WHERE THE PRISONERS WERE TRIED.—SEE PAGE 394.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



PROFESSOR LOWE'S MAMMOTH BALLOON, CITY OF NEW YORK, AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN FULLY INFLATED.—SEE PAGE 394.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
A beautiful five act play entitled
THE WIFE'S SECRET,
Will be presented with
ENTIRELY NEW SCENERY,
NEW COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, &c.
Dress Circle Seats may be secured ONE WEEK in advance
Doors open at half-past six; to commence at half-past seven o'clock.
Admission.....Fifty and Twenty-five Cents.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—GRAND DRAMATIC REOPENING.
NEW AND POPULAR COMPANY OF COMEDIANS.
Every Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½ o'clock.
Also the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission to all 25 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents

DUSSELDORF GALLERY, 543 BROADWAY.
SONTAG'S GREAT PICTURE,
"A DREAM OF ITALY,"
is just added to the above collection.
Open Day and Evening.—Admission 25 cents.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—EIGHTEENTH SEASON 1859-60.
The first Concert will take place on Saturday evening, Nov. 19, 1859, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC. The following eminent artists will appear: SIGMUND STROBEL, Tenor, and ARTHUR NAPOLEON, Pianist. Conductor, CARL BERGMANN.
NO SECURED SEATS.
Doors open at 7. To commence at 8 o'clock.
By order, L. SPIER, Secretary.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

ARTISTS and authors are invited to send to Frank Leslie comic contributions either of the pen or pencil for the *Budget of Fun*. The price to be stated when forwarded.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy	-	17 weeks	-	\$ 1
One Co.	-	1 year	-	\$ 3
Two Co.	-	1 year	-	\$ 6
Or one Copy	-	2 years	-	\$ 6
Three Copies	-	1 year	-	\$ 6
Five Co.	-	1 year	-	\$10

And an extra copy to the person sending a club of five. Every additional subscription \$2.

OFFICE, 15 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW YORK.

The Topics of the Week.

HAMPER'S FREE INSURRECTION.—The public interest continues unabated in this daring attempt, although the first excitement is over. People now begin to realize the danger created by an institution like involuntary servitude, when acted upon by such men as Beecher, Greeley, Giddings, Cheever, Corey, Howe, Russell and their brother fanatics. This outbreak will doubtless have the good effect of forcing patriotic and honest men to think the matter over, and meet the difficulty manfully. It is idle to think that either the North or the South will smother their honest convictions.

THE ELECTIONS.—The result of the recent elections has turned out much as was expected, that is, of the same complexion as the last. General Wright has been defeated in New Jersey, by about two thousand votes, Olden, the Republican candidate, being elected. There is no question that the General weakened himself by his unqualified endorsement of President Buchanan's Kansas policy. The Legislature is Democratic. Uncle Bob, or Robert Gilchrist, was again elected County Clerk, John M. Francis, Sheriff, and Wescott, Senator.

We understand that the General's friends attribute his defeat to the treachery of the lord of Castle Point, who, while he gave two hundred dollars to the Democratic fund, counteracted it by spending thousands to elect Olden. If this be true, why does not the General scourge the offender in the Hudson County Democrat.

POOR GERRIT SMITH.—Despite the indignation every American must feel at the absurd advocacy of Abolition principles so persistently maintained by the sage of Peterboro, we question if the general sentiment were not sorrow when the public heard on Thursday last that Gerrit Smith, the Meccenas of Ossawatimie Brown, had been taken to the lunatic asylum in Utica, by his friends. Some attribute this move to a desire on the part of his friends to screen him from the consequences of his participation in the late insurrection, but the fact is that his aberration of intellect has been apparent to his most intimate friends for some time. We are afraid some of his associates have not the same excellent excuse.

MISPLACED CLEMENCY.—We observe with great regret that the President has been induced, by the representations of friends, to commute the death penalty of Captain Holmes into imprisonment. It will be remembered that he was convicted on the clearest evidence of murdering a sailor on the high seas. The brutality of captains and mates to the poor fellows under them has long been a standing theme of indignation and reproach to us in the English journals, and we had hoped when a cold-blooded murder was so clearly proved as that by Holmes, the law would have been allowed to take its course.

GENERAL SCOTT.—This eminent soldier of our republic arrived at San Francisco on the 16th October, and met with a most gratifying reception. He lost no time in proceeding to San Juan.

OUR MINISTER TO CHINA.—Mr. Ward had returned from Peking to Hong Kong; he was neither allowed to see the Emperor at Peking, nor was the treaty ratified in that city, but at the neighboring one of Pe-Hoang, by a commission of Mandarin. So far we have the start of France and England.

A HINT TO THE ABOLITIONISTS.—Now that the dear little blacks are at a discount in the humanitarian market, we think it advisable to suggest to the Borioboola worshippers, that they take the white slaves into favor. There are thousands of those unhappy creatures within a mile of every man's home.

BORIIOOLA AGAIN!—Some of the ultra-Northern papers have been very angry that a Mrs. Spring and other ladies who went a thousand miles out of their way to nurse a convicted traitor, should have been treated with the contempt their transparent humbug merited. We honor as much as any the self-devotion of the female character, but when these estimable and wandering Samaritans roam into the torrid or arctic zones for objects to

show their sympathies on, we can only liken them to the philosopher who wept over his inability to comfort the man in the moon when his own kindred were starving. We repeat that Mrs. Spring, Miss Child and all these notoriety lovers will find hundreds to nurse and console within a stone's throw of their own homestead.

The Richmond Enquirer on Wendell Phillips.

THE *Richmond Enquirer* of November 5th gives way to one of those rabid articles for which that fire-eating sheet is so famous. At any other time its ravings would hardly be worth notice; at this moment, when anything of the blood and thunder school, though it be entirely destitute of truth, helps to inflame the public mind, we consider such an article, although founded in utter ignorance, as worth an answer.

The *Enquirer* asks, "What means the applause that greeted the treason of Phillips in Brooklyn?" Now by what right does the *Enquirer* assert that applause greeted the address of Phillips? and even if it did, what right has the *Enquirer* to infer that this applause is the voice of the North.

Wendell Phillips went with his lecture as a merchantable commodity to a congregation well known as strongly tainted with A. O. U. M. With them it was a mere question of dollars and cents. He offered an article highly spiced, which they thought in the present state of the public mind might be bought wholesale, and retailed out at a profit. At any other time Phillips would have put in one of his ordinary harangues, and the audience would have listened sleepily, and gone away to forget it the next hour. In this case the chance was too good for Mr. Wendell Phillips to let slip. Like some sleeping cur, he must awake when the noise and confusion was loudest, and yelp a chorus.

We deny that Phillips was applauded beyond the satisfaction of the audience at his well told Joe Millerisms. Whenever this man approached the same hackneyed abuse of our great men and our institutions that he has been wont to utter in other days, he was immediately hushed by the hisses of his audience, an audience as we say composed of the strongest Abolition fanatics of both cities. It was a dish hashed up to suit the taste of his audience, and if Phillips was hissed where he expected to be applauded for his rabid attacks, the fault was not his own. A few months since, he would have listened to, perhaps by the same audience, simply as they would have sat and gazed at any other mountebank, but the events of the last few weeks have worked a reformation in the public mind. Now this Abolition element in our midst sees how dangerous it is to offer any encouragement to men of this class, even under the guise of amusement, and from this time forth these insane harangues will not command an audience who will sit quietly by and hear the institutions of their country denounced, its leading men living, and great men dead, abused.

The day has gone by when such men as Wendell Phillips are to be driven out by physical force. He need not fear, as he then expressed, that he will not be allowed to speak from dread of personal violence. It is the contempt of his fellow-men, the hisses of his listeners that will silence him. They have awakened to the folly of their agitation, they see how weak and unfruitful are their leaders, and how devoid of truth are their propositions, and thus will not be longer harmonized by "silvery tongued" falsehood.

And now a word or two with the *Richmond Enquirer*. Did it ever strike that very respectable journal that such demagogical, fire-eating articles as the one in question do more to bring about the act it professes to deplore, than a half dozen addresses such as Wendell Phillips uttered. If it does not know this fact, any sensible person can assure them of it. Can it really put forth such twaddle as that wherein it declares John Brown's raid to be "a great wrong done a sovereign State," and expect even its hottest of red-hot readers to believe it? Would it not be quite as sensible for Texas at this moment to accuse Mexico or Louisiana of doing them a great wrong, because the bandit Cortinas has made an attack on Brownsville. The case is about similar. We never see such articles as this in print but we class their writers in the same category as the insane fanatical Abolitionists of the North. They are doing the same work to inflame the Southern mind that Wendell Phillips and his gang are doing for the North. We earnestly pray that the time is rapidly coming when the whole race of Southern fire-eating politicians and Northern fanatic Abolitionists will be crushed out; that we may take up our daily papers without having our eyes offended with such speeches as that of Wendell Phillips, or such editorials as that of the *Richmond Enquirer*.

The State of Europe.

It must be confessed that Louis Napoleon has restored what we hoped had died with Talleyrand—the reign of diplomacy. As patriotism was pronounced by old Sam Johnson to be the last refuge of a scoundrel, so diplomacy may be considered as the last resort of national villainy—it is the deadly enemy of the people. More popular rights have been sacrificed on its shrine than by the armed cohorts of the military tyrants. It is the disturber of the human race, as we have had a pretty plain lesson during the last ten years. Louis Napoleon diplomatized into the French Assembly—he diplomatized into the Presidency—the *coup d'état* was a sudden act of desperate diplomacy—the alliance with England—the war with Russia—the sudden peace—and lastly the Italian campaign were all acts of diplomacy, and like all artifice rendering a continuance of the same system indispensable to his position. The present state of Europe is a most convincing proof of the difficulties of the system adopted by the present Emperor of the French. It appears by the last arrival that a coolness had sprung up between England and France, on account of the hesitation expressed by the former power to enter the proposed Congress, except upon the distinct recognition of the right of Central Italy to choose its own rulers. This postulate, which is the alpha of all liberty, however, would be a suicidal admission for Austria to make, since it would justify a Hungarian revolution. The opposition offered by the British Government to the Suez Canal is likewise a subject of great irritation to the French nation.

From Italy the news is very alarming—Garibaldi had issued an address to the Neapolitans inviting them to rise, and promising them assistance. The consequence was that there been a rising in Palermo against the Government, and Naples was in such an

excited state that a general outbreak was every minute looked for. Austria was assisting the King of Naples to raise a Foreign Legion, while Victor Emanuel was encouraging the Central Italians to resist the restoration of the exiled dukes to the very utmost.

War has been declared between Spain and Morocco—this is well known in England to be the result of French intrigue—and England, with her usual farsightedness, has resolved to watch and act at the proper time. The French are to send an expedition against Morocco at the same juncture. Lord Palmerston has declared most emphatically through the *Morning Post*, that England will not suffer Spain to hold any strong position on the African side.

A deputation from Tuscany has had an interview with the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs in Berlin. Prussia, England and Russia are evidently drawing nearer to each other in European policy. If Louis Napoleon does not act with great circumspection he is a doomed man—the commercial instincts of the world and the legitimate dynasties are against him.

The Great Eastern.

If ever there was an instance of keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope, we have it exemplified in the case of the Great Eastern. We have no hesitation in saying that had such a series of mishaps, blunders and acts of criminal negligence occurred from any American project, it would have been hailed by Europe with one universal shout of condemnation.

We can only look upon the failure of the great steamer to perform her promises, with any degree of patience, from the fact that she is an experiment. Yet, at the same time that we bear the short-comings of those who hold the monster in chains, we fear for the ultimate success of what seems so fated. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," will certainly apply to the Great Eastern, and it is much to be dreaded that the bad beginning of the ship may lead to the worst of results from the superstitious class to whom her destinies will be entrusted. Sailors, and those who go down professionally to the sea in ships, are the great believers in forewarnings, unlucky beginnings and accidents on shipboard, dooming the craft to eventual destruction. The seaman of to-day is the seaman of old on this question, and surely he cannot have a better field on which to grow a plentiful crop of superstition than on the great steamer. If they once get this presumption, it will be more than human agency that will save her from many tight spots, when she meets the exigencies of ocean navigation.

We regret all this delay and hope deferred, more so from the fact that we believe it could have been avoided. There has been, without doubt, a great deal of hard-headed counter-pulling by the different parties concerned in her management from the very first. Jealousy has interfered with her success, and mismanagement contributed largely to the series of disasters that have marked her course. We feel sure that the explosion, which sent so many poor firemen and workmen into another world, was the result of want of practical ability—the clash between the theoretical and practical engineers. Had the same thing happened in any factory or ordinary lodgment of a steam-engine, it would not have been so slurred over by the authorities. There would have been somebody guilty and somebody punished.

We trust that from this time forth we shall have less Great Eastern. We do not want the big ship at every meal. Let her lie in peace wherever she may be, or go on with her improvement. When she comes, we shall be glad, but at this moment we feel much like the child who has had the cake snatched from its very mouth, a slight touch of disgust for the snatcher.

Can this be True?

From the Wilmington (N. C.) *Herald* of November 3d, we take this:

James H. Williams, of Tennessee, who it will be remembered, was arrested here a short time since, for picking the pocket of Jackson Reins, of Johnson county, of his pocketbook, was tried yesterday, and found guilty. His honor, Judge Caldwell, sentenced him to receive forty lashes on the bare back, to be taken back to jail, there to remain until the December term, when he is to be brought out and a like number of lashes given him, after which, and paying costs of court, he has liberty to depart. The first portion of the sentence was carried into effect this morning.

"Forty lashes on the bare back!" Most noble judge, a very Daniel.

Once in a while we take up an exchange and find some paragraphs that makes us blush, not only that such things can be perpetrated in our country, but for humanity. North Carolina is proverbially half a century behind the age, but we should think that when such instances as this occur to illustrate it, that the local press, instead of blazoning it out, would, for the sake of shame and for the credit of our common land, smother down the vile act or lend its voice to denounce it.

"His honor," Judge Caldwell, deserves a statue. The left foot well extended, the head thrown back, the arms raised. Motto—"Forty lashes on the bare back!"

PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Our ignorance of the things nearest us; how little the Parisians know of Paris—The city's improvements—Movements of the imperial family; gossip about the Empress—Schiller's birthday—Lord Heymour's fair watcher—Lord Hertford's "semper paratus" dinners—Victor Hugo's new book; a laconic telegram—New book by the son of George Sand—Death of Madame de Beauvoir—Mr. Mason's family—Photography's millennium; pictures taken gratis—Vestval's little affairs; a bouquet in a new quarter—Julien disgusted with England; his autobiography—Grassot, the actor, turned landlord—How two fine ladies played for a beau at roulette—Kisses.

PARIS, October, 1859.*

THE Parisians know less about Paris than the strangers who come to see it. That which is nearest to us we are always the last to see. Which accounts for the large "beams," I suppose, that so many of us unconsciously carry about in our visual organs.

The Parisians are not alone in their ignorance of things proximate.

At home I have known people to live for years within hearing of the roar of Niagara without ever having beheld the mighty cataract.

But we cannot very easily look at a regiment march by when we are in the ranks ourselves, and so there is many an Englishman who

has Paris at his finger's ends, and, reciprocally, not a few Parisians who know London as well as the most inveterate Cockney.

Hence I make no doubt that the various improvements that have been made and projected in Paris of late attract more attention from the resident strangers in the city than from the Parisians themselves.

You will agree with me, though, that these new beauty spots on the city's physiognomy deserve notice. For instance, we are to have a new opera-house—an opera-house that shall excel everything of the kind in Europe, a climax of opera-houses, in fact. Then the company of the Chemin de Fer du Nord intend building to themselves a new depot, which shall be a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture. Great attention is to be paid to the style of all the buildings that may be in future erected. The builder may not now receive official sanction for the carrying out of his plans if the house he projects cannot vie in grace with those of ancient Athens.

The princes and the people are both to be remembered.

For Prince Napoleon, the Palais Royal is to be enlarged.

For the public, the ugly Canal St. Martin is to be covered over.

The palace will consist of an entire new building beyond the garden, where a certain member of the imperial family who has returned to the Emperor's good graces is to be lodged.

The unsightliness of the canal is to be hidden by a vaulted roof, on which beds of flowers are to be planted, and where the public may revel in floral sweets.

L. N., Mrs. L. N. and little Napkin are at Saint Cloud. They go a-shooting at Compiègne next month.

The Court chroniclers tell us again, for the I-don't-know-how-much-time, that the Empress is in that situation which ladies who love their lords are popularly supposed to prefer.

Prince Napoleon took a little "acoot" over to England to see the Great Eastern, but not to visit the Queen, as some quidnuncs pretended.

He has just returned, and now carries his business-like corpulence about in the imperial company at Saint-Cloud.

The admirers of the poet Schiller (and what person of taste does not count himself one of them?) are making great preparations to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birthday. The fête is to come off in the Cirque de l'Impératrice in the Champs Elysées. The musicians will be conducted by Meyerbeer, who will supply two compositions de circonstance of his own. The orchestra will number 500. The profits of the festival are to be devoted to a German charity in Paris.

M. Paul d'Ivoi has published in *Figaro* a letter of the late Lord Seymour. It is dated June 24th, 1837, and represents the eccentric nobleman in quite a new light. The letter is addressed to a beauty whose star was at that time in the zenith of the *demi-monde*, although the *demi-monde* was not then invented, and who now has a handsomely furnished hotel in the vicinity of the Place Vendôme. The following is the note, or rather the billet:

"MY DEAR CLAIRE—Come to Sablonville to-morrow at nine o'clock in the morning. Take a seat by my bedside, and be careful not to awake me. Be so kind as to look at me while I am asleep. Your beautiful eyes will thus serve as calming guardians of my slumbers, which have been much disturbed of late.

"Count upon my gratitude.

"Wholly yours, HENRY."

There's an idea for blasé sybarites the world over. If any one of my readers is in quest of a sensation, this is the best I have to recommend.

Expensive eccentricity seems to run in families. Lord Hertford, brother of Lord Seymour, has four fine estates in England and Scotland, on which are four splendid castles. He never goes to one of them. But each of these castles is ready to receive him at any moment.

If Lord Hertford gives a line to a friend to authorise him to shoot on one of these estates, no matter at what hour of the day or night that guest presents himself, without Lord Hertford's having sent word of his coming, he is sure to find a hot dinner waiting for him already served, and servants in their brightest liveries in the vestibule, ready to divest him of his cloak and hat, and conduct him to his apartment.

This seems like the marvels that are performed in the magic castles of fairy-land, and yet there is a certain analogy between these dinners that are always waiting, and that beautiful woman who found her profit in looking at my lord asleep.

The literary event of the year is Victor Hugo's "Legend of the Centuries." The booksellers are driving poor Michel Levy, the publisher, wild with orders for copies. He cannot get the book through the binder's hands fast enough to satisfy them. Hugo, naturally uneasy as to the fate of his book, sent a telegraphic despatch to Hetzel thus conceived—

To which the clever publisher replied through the same medium—

Maurice Sand, son of the female novelist of France, has in press a book entitled "Masques et Bouffons," with a preface by his mother. M. Maurice is very clever with his pencil, of his proficiency with the pen I have not yet had an opportunity to judge. He has long been an artist-contributor to the *Magasin Pittoresque*, the best illustrated magazine of the kind in the world, and occasionally a sketch of his has appeared in *L'Illustration*. He has already illustrated some of his mother's works, and will furnish the designs for his own volume, which is expected to appear very soon now.

The wife of a man of letters who is rather notorious than celebrated—I allude to M. Roger de Beauvoir, whose name has been coupled with some questionable transactions, has just died at the age of thirty-six. She made her debut on the stage of the Theatre Français, as Mlle. Doze, when only twelve years old. She has written several vaudevilles and novels, none of which have attracted any great share of the world's attention. Of her novels "Les Confidences de Mlle. Mars" is the best known.

When the father of a family dies, the link that binds the members of the household together seems at once severed. The hearthstone is thenceforth desolate, the house deserted. This is painfully the case with the family of the late Mr. Mason. But a few short weeks ago the father was alive, and in the enjoyment of the highest official position in France that it is possible for an American to hold. He died; the family is left in want; the family circle is broken up. His corpse is sent back to his native land; his widow and orphans follow it in the next steamer. They have gone from Paris. No trace of them now remains, except the pleasant souvenirs they have left in the hearts of those to whom their large hospitality was extended. The house itself has been let to a sister of Prince Orloff, and the American Legation removed to No. 59 Rue de la Pépinière.

Photography's millennium of cheapness is reached. In Paris, now, photographers make money by giving you your portrait for nothing! If you walk along the street you are in danger of having a prospectus thrust into your hand, stating that, whatsoever your condition in life may be, you have only to "just step in" and have your private frontispiece taken off, gratis.

And if you go in they do it.

If you ask the artist where his profit lies when he loses his time, material, the use of his instrument, the paper and frame, he will answer you that he more than makes up his loss on the quantity he sells.

And the disciple of Daguerre is right. For there is not a living being in Paris who has not some friend, relation or acquaintance who would be willing to buy his portrait at the minimum rate charged.

Now photography has a great advantage over miniature painting, as every one knows. The photograph can be instantly reproduced in any number of copies required.

So that, instead of taking one portrait of you, they take ten. And it is on this second edition that the photographer realises a profit.

A hint for Gurneys elsewhere!

Mademoiselle Vestvali has succumbed to the powers that be.

M. Alphonse Royer was too much for her.

"Herculeanum" or nothing," was his cry.

And mademoiselle is rehearsing Borghi-Mamo's part in that opera.

Sic transit gloria Vestvali!

As they say in Virginia, mademoiselle is slightly "riled" in consequence.

She has had a spat with Madame Lauters, who sang Juliet in Bellini's opera to her Romeo.

In the third act, Vestvali's masculinity showed to such advantage that she gained a round of applause.

Whereat Lauters nearly fainted from emotion and jealousy.

Vestvali's thirst for revenge was not yet slaked, however. When the two singers were called out at the fall of the curtain, a bouquet fell at their feet.

A single bouquet.

Romeo picked it up as gracefully as if it had fallen from his lady-love's balcony.

And offered it to Juliet?

Not at all.

He advanced, and, with a bow, presented the flowers to M. Girard, the leader of the orchestra, who was thrown into a tremendous flutter by this unexpected ovation.

Queer people these prime donors!

Julien has got clear of his pecuniary scrapes.

His prospects are a-brightening, too. Overtures have been made to him to return to Albion's chalky cliffs, and give monster concerts as of yore.

But he prefers to remain in Paris, having had enough of England.

He attributes his ruin to the "scorpions" of the legal profession in London.

He is now engaged in writing his biography, which will include some sharp chapters on the inhabitants of Britain.

How the "lion" will tremble when he hears it!

Thespis has resigned to Bacchus, or whatever. Grassot, one of the best comic actors in Paris, who has furnished laughter for two or three generations, has retired from the Palais Royal and taken the Café Merveille, next door to the Theatre Français.

We have had le punch Grassot for a long time, and doubtless that compound will be a staple at the café which has just changed hands.

Two fine ladies—I don't say good ones—went to drink the waters in the grand duchy of Baden.

At Baden, when you have drank all the water you want, you go into the Salon de Conversation, so called because no conversation to speak of is carried on there, gambling being the chief amusement.

The two beauties followed the crowd, but as they had no great passion for play they passed two weeks in alternately winning and losing the paltry sum of fifteen louis.

One gets tired of everything in this world.

Even of doing nothing.

And the two fine ladies, who were not good, started out in search of something to occupy them.

They found it in one Alfred D—

But as these two ennuées could not both have the same occupation, and, moreover, as neither cared to resign an occupation with which each respectively was delighted, there came into those two charming heads quite a singular idea.

This:

They would play for M. Alfred D— at roulette.

Mademoiselle X—staked her money on the black.

Mademoiselle Z—staked hers on the red.

Black won.

Mademoiselle Z—lost.

Naturally.

"Ah!" she said, "you are very lucky!"

"All chance, you know," replied her friend.

"I envy you, my dear; but to console me for my misfortune you must render me a service."

"Speak."

"You know how superstitious I am."

"And I too."

"Well, I think that I have an infallible means of winning. You know the saying, 'Unlucky in love, lucky at play.'"

"Well, what then?"

"You will laugh, I know; but I want you to tell me to-morrow how many kisses you have granted Alfred."

"What an idea! but why?"

"Because I will stake six louis on the number corresponding, I have a fancy that that will bring me good luck."

"Tiens! perhaps you are right. I will do the same; but as I could never think of telling you such a thing (besides he will be with me), you must follow my movements, and place your money upon the same number that I do."

"Agreed."

The next day Mademoiselle Z—waited in the Salon de Conversation for Mademoiselle X— with a nervous impatience.

Finally, Mademoiselle X—made her appearance, and approached the roulette table with a feeble step.

Her friend followed the direction of her hand with intense anxiety.

Suddenly they were both seen to put their money upon the double zero!

They won two hundred and ninety-six louis, the charming creatures; mais l'argent ne fait pas le bonheur.

FRANÇOIS.

* Week before last the letter of our friend and correspondent, "François," was not received in season, and, accordingly, had to be left over till the following week. This put us back one week, and, as our correspondent regularly mails his epistle every six or seven days, we should never be able to catch up with him did we not print two of his letters at a time. This we have done, in part, by making the above extracts from the letters bearing date October 16th and 23d; they will be found of even more than usual interest.—Ed.

LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC, &c.

SHELDON & Co. send us another volume of their compact and valuable work *The Household Library*. The present volume contains the *Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*, translated from the unpublished manuscript of Alphonse de Lamartine, for this work, by J. M. H. The tenor of this new work by M. de Lamartine may be inferred from the tone of the opening paragraph:

"If another Homer were to arise, and if the poet were to seek another Helen for the subject of a modern epic of war, religion and love, he would beyond all doubt find her in Mary Stuart, the most beautiful, the weakest, the most attractive and most attractive of women, raising around her, by her irresistible fascinations, a whirlwind of love, ambition and jealousy, in which her lovers became, each in his turn, the motive, the instrument and the victim of a crime; leaving, like the Greek Helen, the arms of a murdered husband for those of his murderer; sowing the seeds of intestine, religious and foreign war at every step, and ending by a saintly death the life of a Clytemnestra; leaving behind her indelible memories, exaggerated equally by Protestant and Catholic parties, the former interested in condemning her for all, the latter in absolving her from all, as if the same factions who had fought for her during her life had resolved to continue the combat after death! Such was Mary Stuart."

The life of Mary, Queen of Scots, coming from a Catholic source, too, is singularly severe and unmerciful. The romance which has been woven about her to conceal her crimes is rudely withdrawn, leaving little, save the close of her life, but a career of licentiousness and infamy.

The appendix contains much valuable information.

MATTHEW & BAKER, of Boston, send us a well illustrated volume, called *The Son of Ivo*, written by Percy B. St. John. It is a story of a castaway in the frozen regions, who, after the most thrilling adventures, reaches the American Continent, and finally returns home to his expectant bride. It is ingeniously constructed, and displays considerable familiarity with that region, rendered famous by the fearless deeds of those who in the cause of science have dared its rigors and its dangers. It is true that the narrative sometimes trenches upon the improbable, but only so much as is necessary to vary and sustain the interest of the story. It is an exciting and interesting tale, which will be keenly enjoyed by youth, and has charms sufficient to fascinate maturer minds.

EDWARD FERRERO, the well known teacher of dancing, has sent us his new book, *The History of Dancing, Historically Illustrated*. In this work Mr. Ferrero carries us back into the dim periods of Mythology, until we feel inclined to assert that dancing was the first religious institution, and sprang into life ready made with man and music—for where there is dancing there must be music; and where there is dancing and music there must be man. Justing apart, Mr. Ferrero gives to dancing a most aristocratic antiquity, thus proving it fit to be patronized by the "oldest" families of the Fifth Avenue. He traces it down to the present time in a pleasant and reasonable way, quoting his authorities, some of which are curious. He deals with the modern stage of the art with the ease and fluency of a man who is thoroughly posted up in the matter, and his views and opinions are entitled to confidence and respect. He describes with singular clearness all the modern dances, so that their figures are comprehensible by all. In all respects it is a most useful as well as an amusing handbook to the salubrious art, and cannot fail to meet with a rapid sale and wide circulation.

A most attractive feature of his book is a collection of over a hundred pages of music, comprising the various dances which are used at the Ferrero dancing

academy. This would alone commend it to the dancing world, which is just now, by the way, a wakening into life.

We have received from D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, a new publication entitled *Rifles and Rifle Practice*, by C. M. Wilcox, first Lieutenant of Seventh U. S. Infantry. This is an elementary treatise upon the theory of rifle firing, explaining the causes of inaccuracy of fire and the manner of correcting it. It contains descriptions, with diagrams, of the infantry rifles of Europe and the United States, also their balls and cartridges. The subject is thoroughly treated, and technicalities are avoided wherever it is possible. We should take this work to be invaluable, not only to the regular military service, but to the militia and to the countless volunteers who daily obstruct our principal public thoroughfares. To these this book must be a special boon, and we commend it to their particular attention.

MUSICAL.

Italian Opera, Fourteenth Street.—The management has at length produced Verdi's opera, "The Sicilian Vespers," and, we are bound to say, that all the seemingly pompous bombast which appeared in the public press before its production proved but little more than the truth. The opera is produced in magnificent style; the dresses are quaint, rich and expensive, and the new scenery really very beautiful. Everything was done that could be done to render the piece a success; money was lavishly but judiciously expended, and the result of these facts were plainly visible in the superb and dazzling ensemble.

Emphatically, the management has done well; it has kept its promise, both in the spirit and the letter, and if the public fails to recognize this noteworthy fact, it will exhibit a terrible lack of liberality and taste. Hitherto the houses have been large and brilliant; and we believe if the New York public will rest content with one opera—a new one at that, too—for half a dozen nights, that the heavy outlay will be returned, and a fair profit realized.

Verdi has done some brilliant things in this work; he gives promise of a superior phase in his intellectual development, and if he lives it is just possible that he may receive a growl of commendation from the New York Musical Review. Something worth living and working for, that, Mr. Verdi! This music has been laboriously done up by our heavy musical critics; they are splendidly diverse in their estimates of its merits, but the killed and wounded do not amount to many. The gravest charge against Verdi, the most fatal thrust in his ribs, is, that he will persist in putting ten measures in a melody, when eight are sufficient in the opinion of the critic! This settles the business, and wipes Verdi right out.

There is much delicious and cunning instrumentation in the work, which contains sufficient of the popular element to enable it to grow into the affections of the public.

Madame Olson sings her music gloriously, and has achieved the position we always claimed for her. Long may she continue to enjoy it. Brignoli, Ferri and Junco are beginning to feel at home in their rôles, and, consequently, to do themselves justice.

Mosart's delightful opera, with the incomprehensible libretto, "Il Flauto Magico," is the next in the order of novelties. Great care is promised in its production, and we have no doubt that the promise will be fulfilled. It requires an unusual number of principal singers, but the present strength of the company is very nearly if not fully equal to the demand. The lovers of Mosart have a rich treat in store.

It is rumored that the piquant and brilliant Adeline Patil (sister of Madame Strakosch) will very shortly appear in Opera. She is a girl of rare genius, full of fire and intelligence, and if her voice is equal in volume to the exigencies of the Academy of Music, and her little heart does not fall her, she will make a profound sensation. The Patil family is a nest of singing birds, and this, the youngest fledgling, is trembling all over with the latent power of song. Let us hope that she has not been taken from the parent nest too soon, that her wings are strong enough to bear her on successfully.

DRAMA.

Laura Keene's.—"The Wife's Secret" is, without doubt, up to this time "the success" of Miss Keene's present season. Produced first in New York many years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keen, at the Park Theatre, the "Wife's Secret" has never since been acted in America, so that it comes almost with the freshness of a new play. The plot is simple, and entirely untrammelled with episode or underplot, yet never bald or barren of interest, as the following résumé will prove: Lady Evelyn Amyott (Miss Keene) is the wife of Sir Walter Amyott (Mr. George Jordan), an officer under Cromwell. Lord Arden (Mr. Daly), Lady Amyott's brother, a Cavalier, is pursued after the battle of Salisbury by the Parliamentary forces, and seeks shelter and concealment under his sister's roof until such time as he can secure a vessel to take him to France; but as he is on ill terms with Sir Walter, he refuses to accept Evelyn's protection until she has made a solemn oath not to reveal his presence in the house to her husband; she consents, hence the name of the play.

Sir Walter returns from the wars, and is received with boundless love by his wife; but one James Sneed (Mr. Burnett), a rascally steward, who hates Lady Amyott (because during her husband's absence she has looked too closely into his accounts, and found them a series of gross frauds), discovers by accident the presence of Lord Arden. He at once informs his master of the fact, and, on his refusing to believe it, takes him to a spot in the grounds from whence he sees through the window his wife in Lord Arden's arms.

Of course Sir Walter cannot doubt his own eyes, and, heart-broken, determines to put away his wife, who, bound by her oath, dares not reveal her secret until her brother has left for France.

Lord Arden at length makes an attempt to escape to the coast, where a vessel awaits him, but is discovered. Sir Walter, overcome with rage and shame, orders his retainers to fire upon the fugitive, despite the entreaties of his wife, who, in this extremity, reveals the truth, and tells her husband that it is her brother he is murdering. Sir Walter will not believe her, and exults in the supposed death of his betrayer, when Lord Arden enters unharmed, and of course the story is told and all ends happily.

The language of this play is elegant, and at times forcible, proving Mr. Lovell, the author, to be a man of real ability. The situations are nicely managed, and the interest progresses steadily, and without any such anti-climax, in the fifth act. As a play, then, the "Wife's Secret" is entitled to far more than a moderate share of commendation. Let us now look at the performance of it by Miss Keene and her company. In delineating the minor characters first, we must say that Miss MacCarthy dressed the page scervile very well, but acted it without imparting either individuality or prominence to it. Miss Wells did her best as Maud (Lady Amyott's maid), a part entirely out of her line; and Mr. Wheatleigh possibly did the same as Brouillard, captain of the French sloop, but if so his best was bad enough.

We come now to the principal personages in the picture, and have to say that Miss Keene, by her performance of Evelyn Amyott, has amply confirmed our impression that she was equal to the highest requirements of her art. Here was no mere pretty and conventional personation of a telling part, but a conception and rendition full of grace and beauty; charmingly shaded, exquisitely toned, yet not devoid of brilliant outbursts of love and grief such as are now rarely witnessed on the stage. In the last act, when love for husband and brother and despair at her own false position nearly maddens the wretched wife, Miss Keene was truthful, earnest, never overacting, yet always equal to the requirements of the part; her Evelyn Amyott may safely be classed among her most successful impersonations. Mr. Jordan gave a bold and picturesque delineation of the Roundhead, but had he sacrificed his moustache as well as his whiskers, would have looked the part much better. In the more prominent characteristics of the part he was successful, but lacks altogether the power of presenting the subtler elements of the human heart. Mr. Jordan is an actor of points, not a careful delineator of the lights and shadows that preserve the weakness of a part. Mr. Burnett, we think, made a great mistake both in getting up and acting James Sneed; so transparent a villain could never have imposed even upon the most confiding master. Mr. Daly played Lord Arden in a respectable manner, and that is all. The piece is beautifully mounted, and the scene of the last act very perfect. "The Wife's Secret" will no doubt enjoy a long run.

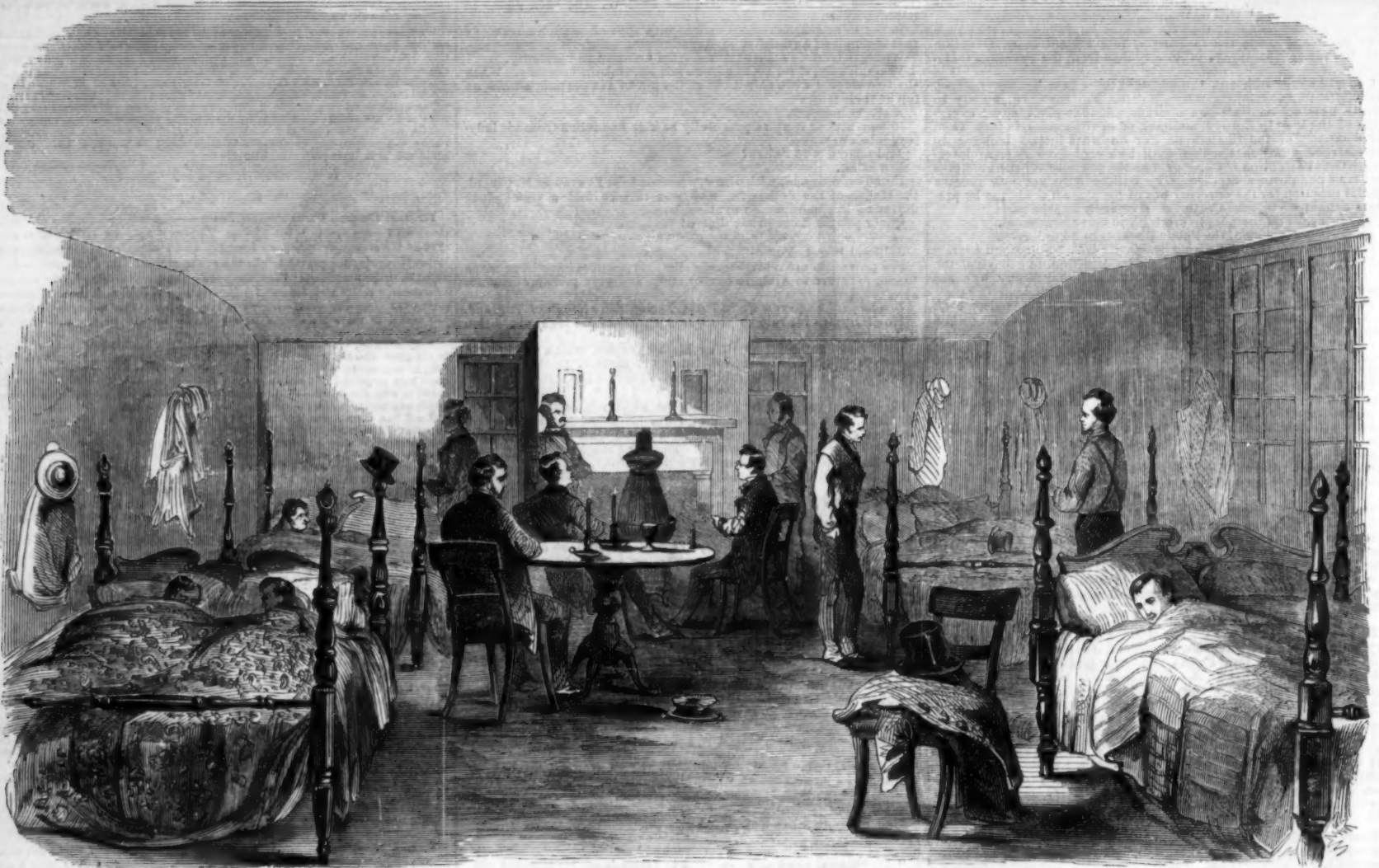
Mr. Wallack, with what we think very questionable taste, has gone in to the Adelphi drama, and produced the "Wreck Ashore," a bad piece of a bad school, and utterly unsuited to the tastes of a majority of his audience. It is a wondrous sort of play, without aim and without object, full of pious and religious sounding phrases and lovers' dialogue. It is put upon the stage with a care and attention worthy of a better drama; one scene, a snowy starlight night, being especially beautiful. The acting was quite as good as the piece deserved, that of Mr. Lester Wallack, far better; his Grampus was really a fine performance, and made a marked impression on the house.

Winter Garden.—"Dot" has still hosts of sympathizers, and bids fair to rival "Dot" in attractiveness.

The Williamstons are still at Nible's.

Barnum's Museum.—Mr. Tom Hildaway has a way of filling the little theatre here that rejoices the soul of Greenwood. During the week he has appeared in a round of favorite characters, and will probably continue to do the staple attraction at Barnum's for a long time. We hope so, at least.

A Thrilling Incident and a Hero.—We take from the Harrisburg Patriot this noble instance of a brave man's presence of mind. As one of the freight trains coming east rounded a sharp curve near Harrisburg, a station about twelve miles west of Huntingdon, the engineer saw a small child sitting in the middle of the track playing unconsciously of its danger. He instantly whistled down brakes and reversed his engine, but the weight of the train and the high speed at which it was running rendered it impossible to stop before reaching the child, which must inevitably have been crushed to death. In this emergency, when most men would have stood paralyzed with horror, the conductor of the train, Daniel McCoy, with steadiness of nerve that has few parallels, ran to the front of the engine, crawled down on the cowcatcher, and holding himself with one hand, leaped as far forward as possible, and as he approached the child, with a sweeping blow of the other, he threw it off the track. It was the work of an instant, and required a steady hand and cool head to accomplish it, but he was equal to the emergency. The train was immediately stopped, and on going back the child was found lying at the foot of a small embankment, some twenty or thirty feet from the track of the fatal accident, but somewhat stunned and bruised. The child belonged to a farmer named Neff, residing immediately along the road.



THE TREASON TRIAL AT CHARLESTOWN, VA.—SLEEPING ROOM OF THE JURY AT GIBSON'S HOTEL, RICHMOND.

HARPER'S FERRY INSURRECTION.

The trial of Cook commenced on the 8th inst., at Charlestown. He pleaded guilty. His brothers-in-law, Governor Willard, of Indiana, and Crowley, were present. His confession was read amid breathless interest. It occupies twenty-five pages of foolscap, and implicates Frederick Douglass and Dr. Howe. The day was spent in taking testimony and in arguing the case. The public feeling against Cook is very strong, since he acted more as a spy than a conspirator.

The Jury, on the following day, the 9th, found him guilty of murder and insurrection. His counsel moved for a new trial. The motion was argued, and the Court denied it. District Attorney Harding refused to sign a *nolle prosequi* in the case of Stephens, and demands his trial in Virginia. The Court, however, has handed the prisoner over to the United States Marshal. Green, Coppie, Copeland and Cook were all sentenced to be hung on the 16th of December, and it is said that Governor Wise will respite Brown's sentence, so as to hang all on the same day.

JOHN E. COOK.

This deluded man, whose portrait we give to-day, from an admirable sketch made by our special artist on the spot, is quite well known by many lawyers in New York, having served in a lawyer's office in Nassau street for two years. He boarded then in Williamsburg, and was remarkable for the correctness of his conduct. He afterwards went South and kept a school. How he became acquainted with old Brown we have not heard. His family is respectable, his sister having married Governor Willard, of Indiana. He is about twenty-seven years of age.

HARPER'S FERRY, VA.

This beautiful spot, which has recently gained such a painful celebrity, is a post village in Jefferson county, Virginia, and is situated at the confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. The scenery here is romantic beyond conception, and has long been considered as the most picturesque in the United States. It takes its name from a ferry established across the Potomac, which river is also spanned by a fine bridge about eight hundred feet in length. The village is compactly though irregularly built, around the base of a hill, and is

the centre of considerable trade. It contains five churches, several manufactories and flouring mills. It derives its chief reputation from containing a United States armory, in which there are employed at times nearly 250 men. There is also always on hand a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition. Harper's Ferry is on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and at the north terminus of a railroad connecting it with Winchester. The Ohio and Chesapeake Canal also passes along the opposite side of the Potomac.

The view we have given is from a sketch made on the spot, corrected and elaborated by photographs. It is, beyond all comparison, the very best view ever engraved of this now famous location.

CHARLESTOWN, VA.

This flourishing post village is the capital of Jefferson county, Virginia, and contains about 1,700 inhabitants. It is situated on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, and is about one hundred and sixty-eight miles north of Richmond. Its distance from Washington is sixty miles, and from Harper's Ferry about eight miles. It is surrounded by a beautiful and fertile country, forming part of the valley of Virginia. The land on which the town is built formerly belonged to Colonel Charles Washington, a brother to the great General Washington. He resided at a short distance, at a house which his descendants still occupy. It was from hence that Colonel Washington was roused by the conspirator Cook. Charlestown possesses four churches, one academy, one bank and about twenty stores.

Our view represents Ossawatimic Brown coming from the Court House after his trial, when the jury had pronounced him guilty of insurrection, murder and treason. It is from our own artist, made on the spot, and is exact to the minutest particulars.

PROFESSOR LOWE'S BALLOON.

We give this week an engraving of Professor Lowe's air-ship, City of New York, as it will appear when the inflation is completed. In our last number will be found a complete description of the balloon and its appurtenances, unnecessary here to repeat. The professor announces that he will depart on his great trans-Atlantic voyage some day this week. The enterprise is a bold one, and we hope some practical good may come of it.

SIX TIMES AS LONG AS THE GREAT EASTERN.

We are determined to go a-head of all creation. A Mr. Germain, of Buffalo, proposes to build a new steamship, which is to dwarf the Great Eastern down to a jolly-boat. His plan is as follows:

From the well-known principles of resistance to bodies moving in water, Mr. Germain shows that the part of the vessel which opens the track should have its surfaces inclined as near to the line of motion as due regard to strength and steadiness will permit. The limit in this direction has not heretofore even been approximated. Great length has been supposed to be incompatible with strength. In the Great Eastern, the length most trying to a vessel, from the apex of one large wave to another, has been adopted. The vessels should rest on several large waves at once, for a vessel so resting could not break in the middle parts without causing three fractures at the same time, like a beam masoned at both ends in a wall. Great length contains strength, instead of being a source of weakness. The surfaces which open the track may be made with the utmost safety, so as not to open, to exceed three feet in a hundred on each side, or six feet on both sides. With such a taper at each end the water is crowded out from the track, and returns to it again with only the velocity of



CAPT. JOHN E. COOK, BROWN'S FIRST OFFICER.

three miles an hour, while the vessel is going at the rate of a hundred miles an hour.

To impart strength, steadiness and buoyancy, and at the same time have opening surfaces very nearly inclined to the line of motion, he places on each side of the vessel, below the water-line, a V-shaped projection, resembling one leg of a pair of mathematical compasses. This is twenty feet in height, and projecting out twenty feet from the main hull of the vessel, and extends from one end of the vessel to the other, tapering for the last five hundred feet to a point at the end. The extreme end of the vessel is an upright wedge, with a sharp edge, and for twelve feet the iron or steel plates of which it is composed are compact, with no opening. Twenty-five feet of one end is jointed for a rudder. The projections on the sides, which he calls fins, moving continually in water, can be used for surface condensers, and having the air pumped out and the steam exhausting into a vacuum, the locomotive engine may be used with the advantages of a condensing engine.

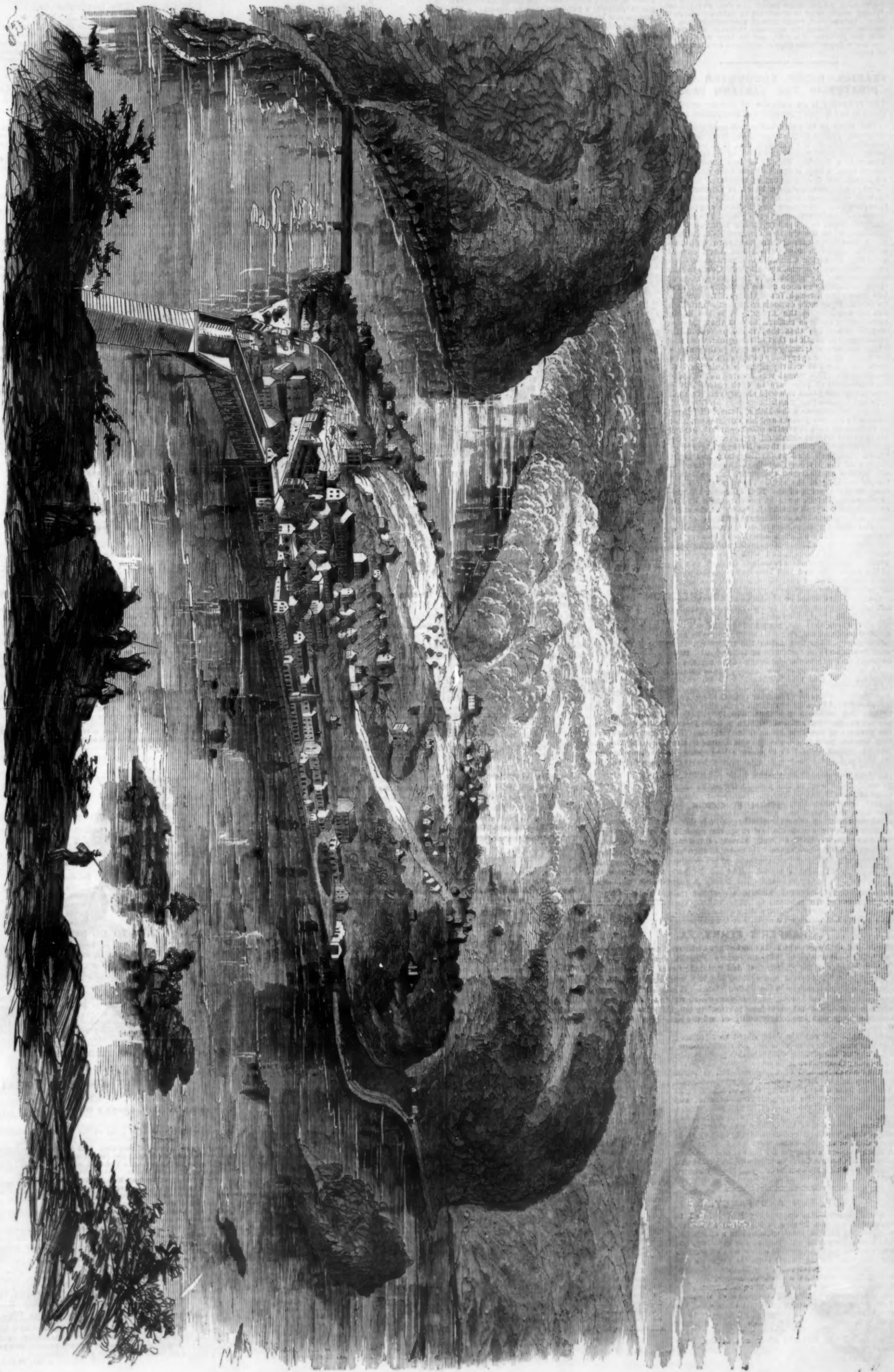
The bottom and side walls are double, with their outer and inner surfaces three feet apart, tied together, one in three feet, by iron walls, and braced diagonally with timbers. Each compartment, as well as the different apartments of the wall, is water-tight. The deck floors are of iron, and all parts are put together with the hook form, so as to be as strong at the joining places as elsewhere. Careful calculations show that the greatest oceanic forces will not try the strength of the vessel in any way to exceed ten per cent. of its strength. Its length is 4,000 feet; breadth of beam, exclusive of the fin formations, 75 feet; to which add 40 feet for the fins, giving 115 feet.

A side wind of twenty-three miles an hour will careen it less than two inches, and a tornado of one hundred miles an hour, striking the whole side with a force of fifty pounds to each square inch of surface, would careen the vessel only thirty-eight inches, or less than five degrees. If steel is used for its construction, it would give twenty-five acres of deck room.



STEPHENS, AS HE APPEARED IN COURT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY, JEFFERSON CO., VIRGINIA, AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



Compared with other vessels and their work, its expenses would be exceedingly moderate, and at the same time it might carry 200,000 horse power. Its size, strength and velocity would make it irresistible by ordinary vessels of war. Cannon shot would glance unharmedly from its oblique sides, during its approach it would be directed with the precision of a rifle, and its blow would divide the largest line-of-battle ships as easily as a broadsword would an apple.

FEARFUL NIGHT ENCOUNTER WITH PIRATES IN THE EASTERN SEAS.

The following is an epitome of a long account given in the *Bombay Standard* of September 10:

The story is so remarkable, not only from the desperate nature of the attack, but from the heroism displayed in the defence, that it is worthy of being told here with somewhat of detail. The *Ararat* is a Bombay barque of two hundred and ninety tons, which seems to have been habitually employed for the transport of convicts. Captain Corroya had just landed a batch of Bombay convicts at Singapore, and he was to take back a return freight of Singapore and Penang convicts to Bombay—twelve men from each place. The *Ararat* was just about to sail upon her homeward expedition, when the Queen's steamer *Esk*, Captain Sir R. Maclure, steamed into Singapore with two piratical junks in tow, which had been caught prowling about the China Sea. There were fifty-two prisoners on board, and Captain Corroya was informed that he might have the conveyance of them to Bombay as soon as the formalities of trial had been gone through, for of their guilt there was no doubt. Fifty were condemned to transportation and handed over to the *Ararat*. It is but doing bare justice to these ruffians to add that they informed the judge that they much preferred the punishment of death to that of transportation, and if they had an opportunity on the voyage they would not fail to murder everybody in the ship which had been appointed to convey them to their place of punishment. This threat was treated as the usual random of prisoners in such cases. Little was it supposed that it would shortly receive such true and terrible fulfilment.

Captain Corroya, on the 19th of June, left Singapore with his fifty pirates and his twelve convicts; at Penang he took in twelve other convicts, so that his criminal freight consisted of seventy-four desperate men. To control these he had a guard of fifteen European Madras Artillerymen and eight Sepoys of the Marine Battalion—twenty-three in all, besides an unarmed company, just sufficient for the working of the ship. The *Ararat* left Penang on the evening of the 25th of June, but the captain's suspicions were at once aroused by the movements of a junk which left Penang at the same time and regulated its movements by those of the convict ship. Captain Corroya, not without trouble, managed to shake off such unwelcome society by the evening of the 27th. Most fortunately the 28th broke gloomily enough, and with sharp gusts of wind, so that the captain remained on deck as well as the mate. He had just lain down on the poop for a few minutes of rest when a crash was heard forward—a noise as of something giving way, and a shout. There could be no doubt that the pirates and convicts were loose. But why was no warning given by the sentry forward? It was not known till afterwards that the man had quitted his appointed post and had come on deck, where he had fallen asleep. The first act of the mutineers was to stab him to the heart; and so it happened that he made no reply to the challenge of the mate.

As soon as the noise was heard, the captain, guessing at its real meaning, rushed to his cabin for his revolver and pistols, and quick as thought was upon deck again. The mate roused the guard, and stood with grim desperation as guardian of the night-guard muskets till they should fall into proper hands. But a few seconds had elapsed from the moment of the first crash when the captain, now armed, could make out the dim figures of the pirates making their way aft. They had reached the stern of the longboat when Captain Corroya delivered his first shot. With a yell—seeing that the fight had commenced—they now endeavored to make their way to the poop, hurrying, as they came on, blocks, handspikes, holystones—anything, in fact, upon which they could lay their hands. By this time the guard had got possession of their weapons and were using them with good effect.

Captain Corroya and his few supporters could not, however, hope for an easy victory, for their assailants were so desperate that as soon as a musket was discharged several of them threw themselves upon it, and endeavored to wrench it from the grip of its possessor. The fighting continued; it was pitch dark; the flashing of the muskets afforded the only light which enabled the combatants for the moment to discern how the struggle was proceeding. More than once the *Ararat's* people had procured a light, but it was speedily extinguished by the pirates, who knew well that their best chance of safety consisted in not presenting themselves as marks to the fire of their opponents. It is not the least remarkable feature in this desperate scene that the captain's wife, who was on board, quietly loaded and reloaded her husband's pistols, and handed them up to him through the cuddy-light. All this time it was blowing hard, and the crew—Lascars and Spaniards without arms—had taken refuge in the rigging, and the ship was left to the mercy of wind and wave.

At length the captain determined to advance; but this was to be done with the greatest caution, for if any of the pirates could have succeeded in concealing themselves so as to get behind the guard as they advanced and obtain possession of arms, the case might have become desperate indeed. After an hour's hard fighting the pirates were at length driven to the top-gallant fore-castle, and there charged with the bayonet, and killed or driven over the bows. When lights were procured, and the loss on the side of the pirates was ascertained, out of sixty who had come on deck, twenty-eight were dead or missing. Some were wounded besides. A more desperate struggle for life has seldom taken place, and Captain Corroya may well be proud of a victory to which his own bravery so largely contributed.

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

NOVEL DUEL.—An apothecary had refused to resign his seat at a theatre to an officer, who, feeling himself insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed he had to propose a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, and taking therefrom two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, sir, you would not wish me to fight on unequal terms. Here are therefore two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless. We are, therefore, on equal ground if we each swallow one; you shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to add that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

To resuscitate a drowned Englishman, place a piece of roast beef under his nose; an Irishman, a gill of poteen; a Scotchman, a halfpenny; a Welshman, a few leeks; a Frenchman, a pinch of snuff; a Spaniard, some fresh blood; an old maid, an offer of marriage; a Yankee, attempt to pick his pocket.

A LITERAL READING.—A country squire, walking through one of his woods, meets a laboring man just getting over the gate at the entrance of the wood. On a tree which overshadowed the gate is a board on which is written, "No path."—"Can you read?" says the squire to the man. "Ya'as; where do you s'pose I was born and bred, if I can't read?" "Well, as you can read, will you be so good as to tell me what you see written there?" "What I see written up there? Why, I see an infernal great lie! It says 'no path,' and hang me if there isn't as good a path as ever I seed—wide eno' for you and me to walk on at the same time."

"WELL, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game." "Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is the more hunting you have."

THE CLERGY AND THE KITCHEN.—An Italian prince when he went a journey always took his cook with him. When rounding the abrupt angle of a rock, which was exceedingly perilous he heard the cry of a man, the snort of a mule and the crash of some one falling over the precipice. The horror-stricken prince cried out: "The cook! is it the cook?" "No, your Excellency," replied the attendant; "it is Battista." "Ah, only the chaplain! Heaven be praised."

ABOUT SAUSAGES.—A wag of an editor has the following among his "Answer to Correspondents": "Mythic.—No, young lady; you are mistaken. Bellona was not the inventor of a celebrated and popular sausage; nor is that sausage aforesaid made at Boulogne, France, though suspected of originating in Bologna, Italy. Bellona's husband was a Mr. Mars, but he was not so called because his habits marred the face of nature and the features of humanity. You must read Tocke's 'Pantheon' over again."

HOOPS VS. WHISKEY.—A lady who makes but a modest trade of crinoline was passing along the street in Richmond, Penn., the other day, when she was met by a young man full of bad whiskey, who in staggering past stepped on her dress. Turning to the lady, he remarked, apologetically, "Hoops take up too much room," to which the lady quietly replied, "Not so much as whiskey, sir," and passed on.

"HIS PRENTICE HAND."—The editor of the *Leuisville Journal* has been the occasion of a blunder as amusing as any of his own witticisms. The *London Bookseller*, a monthly organ of the publishing trade, commenting on a list of American announcements, says of a book which contains a collection of Prentice's witticisms: "We observe a book announced on an almost forgotten subject, Prentice's. Mrs. Ellis may be reminded by this that the 'prentices of England have never yet been the subject of a history.'"

DISPOSITION AND DIGESTION.—A sensible writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good natured, for, says he, "an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrella."

THE PUZZLED OFFICIAL.—When the famous Gen. Moreau was in this country, he was invited to attend the Commencement exercises of Harvard College. In the course of the performances at Cambridge an ode was sung, the chorus of which was "To-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow." The French officer was imperfectly acquainted with our language, and fancied the singers were complimenting him, and at every recurrence of the chorus he rose and bowed gracefully to the gallery, pressing his laced chapeau to his heart.

AN ITEM FOR THE LADIES.—Very pretty Geneva watches are sold in Paris this season in the form of a heart, in that of a tulip, or representing a shell, on which are admirably painted views of Geneva, or pastoral scenes.

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